

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—President Hoover called a national conference of the business and industrial committees of the twelve Federal Reserve districts, to meet in Washington

Relief;
Financial

August 26, to map a coordinated nationwide program of action against the economic depression, considering wider expansion of credit facilities for business and industry where consumption of goods is assured; coordination and expansion of financial facilities for the movement of commodities into consumption; coordination and expansion of live stock and agricultural credit facilities; expansion of programs for railway improvements; the creation of an organization for the further spread of existing employment. Meanwhile, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, J. Herbert Case, who is also president of the Association of Community Chests and Councils, announced that he had drafted fifty-five nationally prominent men and women to serve on the National Citizens' Committee for the Welfare and Relief Mobilization of 1932, of which Newton D. Baker is chairman. The Home-Loan Bank also was proceeding with its organization and was ready to begin operations immediately. Attorney-General Mitchell ruled that National banknotes issued on the back of 3, 3½, and 3¾ per cent Treasury bonds must be retired at the end of three years after the effective date of the Home-Loan Bank act. Among the

loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was one of \$1,096,084 for work relief in parishes of the State of Louisiana where the need was greatest. The Interstate Commerce Commission approved a loan by the R. F. C. of \$10,000,000 to the Boston and Maine Railroad.

While Governor Roosevelt was occupied in the hearings on Mayor Walker of New York City and the preparation of his Columbus, Ohio, speech on August 20, the Democratic party was making final financial arrangements for the campaign and outlining a tentative itinerary for Governor Roosevelt, carrying him to the Pacific Coast, and lasting from September 12 to October 3.—After President Hoover's acceptance speech, the Republican campaign was temporarily quiescent, and the President seized the opportunity for a short vacation on Chesapeake Bay.

Austria.—Parliament voted to approve the Lausanne Protocol, renewing for ten years the promise made at Geneva to avoid anschluss with Germany. It was a victory for Chancellor Dollfuss, and a tribute to Msgr. Seipel, who fought to the last for this independence. Thus Austria secured the loan so long sought and so sorely needed of 300,000,000 schillings which had been approved by the League of Nations on July 15. The margin of one vote by which this important measure was carried showed the precarious situation of the present government.—AMERICA'S Austrian correspondent gave distressing details of the suffering and want among all classes. Literateurs, artists, craftsmen, and people of distinction were penniless and often forced to beg for necessities. Tariff war with Hungary cut off supplies of cheap fruits and vegetables, while lack of competition raised the price of home products.

Bolivia.—Hopes for a peaceful settlement of the dispute over the Chaco region, which were increased by the inauguration on August 15 of the new President of Paraguay, Eusebio Ayala, a life-long advocate of arbitration for the solution of the problem, apparently had not been fulfilled. The truce, proposed by neutral nations and reported to have been accepted last week by both sides, met with a setback in a serious dispute as to terms, Bolivia insisting on retaining the military gains made since June 1. A counter-proposal emanating from Buenos Aires, suggested the establishment of a neutral zone in the disputed area, to be brought about by the retirement

Peace Hopes
Dashed

of Bolivian forces from forts in their possession in the Pilcomayo zone, with Paraguay agreeing to make no attempt to occupy the abandoned positions. In the meanwhile, reports indicated the mutual renewal of hostilities.

Brazil.—After more than six weeks of fighting, the outcome of the revolt of São Paulo State against the Federal Government of Getulio Vargas still remained problematic.

**Fighting
Continues**

The Federal blockade of the coffee port of Santos began to menace the coffee supply of the world. On the Eastern front a powerful artillery attack by Government forces was directed against the Mantiqueira tunnel and the town of Guzeiro, a rail junction of strategic importance, Rio de Janeiro claiming significant advances towards these key positions. Despite persistent rumors that Rio Grande do Sul would join the neighboring state of São Paulo in rebellion, reinforcements for the Federal armies continued to arrive from Rio Grande. President Vargas signed a decree authorizing an issue of bonds in the amount of 400,000 contos (approximately \$29,000,000) to be marketed by the Banco de Brazil. This was described by the Brazilian Consul General as a credit operation to finance the military activities against São Paulo rebels.

Canada.—In order to provide a final opportunity for some specific agreements between the United Kingdom and the Dominions, the plenary session of the Imperial

**Conference
Ends Sessions**

Economic Conference was postponed till August 20. Though the Conference ended with assurances of success, the actual accomplishments were not impressive. The differences between the United Kingdom on the one side and Canada, as leader of the Dominions, on the other, in regard to the curbing of Soviet trade with Great Britain were but partially solved. This became the main subject of discord; Canada conceded free entry or preferences to British textiles, boots, glassware, etc., and England granted the same to Canadian lumber, wheat, food products, etc. But England was unwilling to go far in an embargo on competing Soviet products. The total amount of trade affected by the agreements concluded at the Conference was estimated at less than two per cent of the volume of trade between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. It would seem that Denmark and the Argentine emerged with their trade almost intact, and that the United States and Soviet Russia would suffer in some degree, not large.

In their reports, the various committees confined themselves to general recommendations expressing principles rather than specific rules of procedure. The Currency

**Reports
Of
Committees**

Committee in its report stated that it was desirable to raise the general level of wholesale prices; that the best plan was to raise gold prices, which could only be done by international action; that efforts should be made to stabilize exchange among the various empire countries, but that the report proposed no machinery to do this, but suggested cooperation of all units of the Empire; that the stability

of international exchange could be obtained by maintaining a metallic base for currency, but that the Committee would not decide whether this base should be gold or silver. The report of the Committee on commercial relations with foreign countries dealt with two broad groups of questions. In the first—that of the relationship between inter-Commonwealth preferences and the most-favored-nation clauses in commercial treaties with foreign powers—it was stated that “each Government will determine its particular policy,” but that no future treaty with a foreign nation “should be allowed to interfere with any mutual preferences which Governments of the Commonwealth might decide to accord to each other.” The second point referred to the extent of most-favored-nation treaties between non-Commonwealth countries adversely affecting Commonwealth nations. A third Committee, expected to devise a uniform method of customs administration, also confined itself to general recommendations as to the aims to be kept in view by the nations of the Commonwealth. The inability to define practice in the matter of customs arose from the restrictions of Canada and the Irish Free State on the United Kingdom products. An important question affecting the United States was that of the definition of the quota of national labor and material required in the manufacture of goods that could justly be labeled “Empire” goods and thus enjoy preferences. Canada wished to raise this quota from the present fifty to seventy-five per cent; England opposed this; a large number of United States industries threatened to close their factories in Canada if the proposed increase were made effective.

Chile.—A sudden outbreak by the students of the University of Chile, who took possession of the University building in Santiago and announced the establishment of a new Republican Government, led to the proclamation of martial law throughout Chile on August 13. Police and soldiers put down the rebellion in a few hours at the cost of three deaths. Documents discovered during an investigation appeared to reveal plans for a general upheaval of a Communistic nature. The students had demanded the restoration of Col. Marmaduke Grove as head of the Government in place of Carlos Dávila.

**Rebellion
Suppressed**

China.—On August 16, the resignation of Marshal Chang as commander of the North China district was accepted and a committee of eighteen appointed to take over the duties of the young Marshal.

**Disorder
Continues**

It was necessary to redouble the precautions against disorder in Peiping, due to uncertainties regarding the ability of the Nanking committee of eighteen to function properly and to keep the troops paid. Shanghai was further aroused by the terrorism of anti-Japanese boycotters, who began mailing orders to Japanese merchants to close their shops under penalty of being bombed. The boycott was also revived sharply in Canton and Wuchow, where pickets were stationed in front of Japanese business houses. In the meantime one Communist army advanced to within two

miles of Shasi, the important Yangtse port midway between Hankow and Ichang, taking numerous prisoners from among the Government troops and disarming others. Chinese and foreign gunboats were dispatched to Shasi in order to stop the advance and protect property in Hankow. Another Communist army of 60,000 was rapidly advancing upon Nanchang, Kiangsi provincial capital. As a result, the Government was forced to withdraw the majority of its troops in the areas of Kian and Kanchow, relinquishing the gains made in July. The anti-Communist campaign of General Chiang Kai-shek appeared to be in complete abeyance. A new, concerted effort to prevent General Chiang, head of the Nanking forces, from controlling the North manifested itself in the protest of fifty-seven Generals in the Peiping area against the resignation of Marshal Chang. This action of the northern military leaders was considered equivalent to a threat of civil war.

Czechoslovakia.—The days from July 3 to July 6, 1932, were the culmination of the ninth general gathering at Prague of the Czechoslovak Sokols (Falcons, i.e., gymnasts) in the presence of numerous foreign guests. Nearly 250,000 people from every part of the country had come to the Capital. Some 150,000 spectators watched 15,000 performers in the huge Strahov Stadium of Prague. The Czechoslovak Sokol, to a great part built up with the help of good Catholics, is today, for the most part, bitterly anti-Catholic and, whilst welcoming people of any other creed or line of thought, it ejects members who dare to show practical Catholicism. The present festival, however, had in its program nothing offensive to Catholics, the Polish Sokol having stipulated that as a condition of its sending a delegation.

Germany.—Germany's domestic political conflict remained unsolved. Strong as the impression was that the National Socialists could no longer be withstood and that finally power must be entrusted to them under their leader, Hitler, President von Hindenburg had successfully resisted the latter's demands for a dictatorship on the pattern of that of Mussolini. On August 13, the long expected meetings were held in Berlin. Herr Hitler came from Munich and held long conferences with General von Schleicher and Chancellor von Papen before going to President von Hindenburg. The preliminary discussions revealed that the Nazi chief was set in his determination to demand full control and would not consent merely to take part in a coalition government.

The meeting with the President was short, not exceeding twenty minutes. When Hitler had made it clear that his party would not consider any compromise and that the post of Vice Chancellor was unacceptable, the President dismissed him with a warning to "think of his duty and responsibility to the Fatherland." Hitler gave assurance that he did not intend to invoke force, but that his party would fight on until full power were given to them.

What the plans of the Nazi leader might be could not be learned. That he was humiliated at this last rebuff was evident; and the temper of his followers who were demanding immediate success and fulfillment made his present position difficult. He ordered a furlough for his storm troops and later he extended it to the eve of the assembling of the Reichstag, which was announced for August 30. He issued a call to all his chiefs for a meeting to determine their future policy, but then called it off. It was certain that Hitler and von Schleicher had parted and would henceforth be political enemies. Both the Chancellor and the Minister of Defense declared themselves ready to put down any uprising with military force; but it was thought improbable that Hitler would choose to plunge the country into civil war, which would be a carnage with the present inflamed passions let loose.

The celebration on August 11 of the thirteenth anniversary of the founding of the Republic was officially carried out, but with little enthusiasm. The speeches of Chancellor von Papen and General von Gayl were not laudatory of the Weimar Constitution; rather they criticized it severely and indicated essential changes that they would ask for when the Reichstag convened. Out of all the confusion Von Papen seemed to have the brightest outlook. He seemed sure of his continuance in office and the maintaining of a non-partisan cabinet, trusting absolutely to the personal prestige and power of President von Hindenburg to save the country from anarchy. —While the gold coverage and the export surplus were declining, optimism was shown on the Boerse, with stocks rising and the prospect of industrial activity brightened by the progress of plans for public works to help the unemployed, a duty which was particularly stressed by the President.

India.—In view of the repeated failures of the Hindus, Moslem, and other communities to reach an agreement on an electoral system in the projected Federation of India, the British Government imposed a settlement that would be enforced for the ten-year period. To safeguard the rights of the minorities, separate electorates for Hindu, Moslem, Sikh, etc., were determined upon; each community would choose its own representatives. The number of seats granted to each community in the Provincial Legislatures was based on population. The "Untouchables" were granted separate electorates in certain areas, while in others they were classed with the higher-caste Hindus. Women were guaranteed special representation, and a scheme devised which would ensure the election, in proportion of women, to the Provincial Legislatures. Seats were also reserved for special classes, landholders, business men, labor, etc. As was foreseen, the Hindus attacked the settlement as wholly unjust; the Moslem, likewise, were hostile to it.

Japan.—In spite of definite improvement in the country's trade position, fresh falls of the yen exchange car-

Plans
Uncertain

Von Papen
Satisfied

The Ninth
Sokol
Festival

Nazis
Disappointed

Electoral
Settlement

Hitler
Warned

ried it below fifty per cent of parity, the lowest level in its history. It was estimated that the budget deficit, which the special session of the Diet would have to face, would amount to 800,000,000 yen (\$488,000,000). This, coupled with fears of currency inflation and political uncertainties, induced heavy buying of cotton and other raw materials by manufacturers, who hastened to invest their capital in actual commodity values. Heavy stocks of wool and oil were being accumulated by industrialists, while imports of glycerine, iron ore, steel bridge material, and American machine tools were much heavier than usual. According to a special dispatch to the *New York Times*, these imports of potential war material were to be linked with high-speed activity in Japanese munitions factories, where men were working day and night. A new war-chemical plant was established in the outskirts of Tokyo, while tanks and armored cars were being built by public donations. The object was to mechanize the army.

Lithuania.—The World Court finally reached a decision on August 11 concerning the dispute between Lithuania and the autonomous territory of Memel. By ten votes to five the Court decided that under the statute guaranteeing the autonomy of Memel the Governor of the territory was entitled to dismiss Otto Boettcher, the German President of the Council, who was ousted last February by the Lithuanian Governor of the territory. The Court regarded Herr Boettcher's journey to Berlin to negotiate with German Ministers without advising the Lithuanian Government as a violation of the Convention of Paris of May 8, 1924. Practically unanimous dissatisfaction was expressed over the verdict in Berlin.

Mexico.—The religious persecution in Mexico continued unabated, taking the form of extreme enforcement of the laws restricting the number of priests in many States. A system of espionage was instituted by volunteer members of the dominant party, and priests in all sections of the country were being haled to court on accusations, hitherto always proved false, that they were violating the law. Several priests, however, were deprived of all their personal property, even though not guilty of violations of the law. In the face of this, the Hierarchy was maintaining an attitude of patience, and even of severe restriction of those Catholics who were chafing under the injustices to them and demanding more violent measures. In the unsettled political condition, the future of the Church was hard to predict.

Russia.—A brief sensation was created by the announcement of plans for selling internal Soviet Russian bonds in the United States. In Washington the proposal was regarded chiefly as a trial balloon sent up with a view to develop Russian credits in this country and to stimulate sentiment in favor of the political recognition of the Soviet machine by the United States. The State De-

partment in Washington recalled its objection to the sale of Russian bonds in the United States in 1928 by making public without comment a statement, issued on February 1 of that year, asking banks and financial institutions to discourage its course.

Food shortage was continuing to cause trouble. Labor trouble had arisen in the great coal fields of the Donetz basin with the result in the two months ending August 15 that between 20,000 and 25,000 miners abandoned their jobs. Production was reported to have fallen considerably. In the first few days of August the daily output was 85,000 to 100,000 tons compared with an average of 186,000 tons a day in March.

Spain.—On August 16, President Alcalá Zamora signed a legislative proposal presented to him by the Cabinet which, if passed by the Cortes, would permit authorities to seize all the estates and immovable property of those implicated in the recent Monarchist rebellion. The measure stated that the contemplated seizures would be the first step towards effecting the land-reform clauses in the Constitution. Among the 100 nobles arrested for complicity in the revolutionary plot were the Marquis de Teña, owner of the newspaper *A. B. C.*; the Duke of Medinaceli, a large estate owner; the Duke of Infantado, controller of water-power rights throughout the nation; the Count of Santa Cruz, the Marquis of Sopelo, and the Duke of Grimaldi. In the hope of finding clues implicating him in the revolt, Government agents searched the home of the Duke of Miranda, secretary and confidant of former-King Alfonso. Together with the many grantees confined in jail, there were about 1,100 other persons imprisoned as a result of the rebellion. Observers believed that the nobles would be exiled after the confiscation of their properties. Legal experts held that under the law death was a mandatory punishment for General San Jurjo and that the Government would have no alternative. Meanwhile the search went on for General Barrera, whom authorities called the "real leader of the revolution." Churches were burned in Granada.

Upsetting the contention that economic conditions demand birth control, Robert M. Hitchcock has made a survey which will appear in "The Economic Argument for Birth Control."

"What about Our Indians?" will be an interesting and valuable fact article by William Allen Page on the Catholic Indians in these years of depression.

The well-known English writer, C. C. Martindale, has sent a challenging series of articles on the subject of "Pagan Catholics." The first will be called "Can Catholics Be Pagans?"

This year of centenaries has brought more than usual attention on the Catholic Carrolls of Maryland. D. C. Lawless will contribute a careful historical article on them next week entitled "The Historic Carrolls."

Heavy Imports

Memel Decision

Religious Persecution

Bond Sale

Food Shortage

Aftermath Of Revolt

AMERICA

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The President on Prohibition

IN his acceptance speech, the President included an outspoken condemnation of the results of twelve years of Federal Prohibition. He admitted that the expectations of the supporters of the Eighteenth Amendment had been disappointed, and he did not believe that under the present system much improvement was possible. Inefficiency in the enforcement of Prohibition legislation had become so marked that "I cannot consent to a continuation of this regime." The President's views have undergone a radical change since the campaign of 1928.

But what does the President offer as a substitute?

Ostensibly his plan offers the States control over the traffic. But this control must be modified in two important respects: the States which prefer to remain dry must be protected against their wet neighbors, and the saloon must not be permitted by any State.

It is amusing to note the immediate protest from Senator Glass, of Virginia. That pugnacious statesman at once asserted that he did not write this part of the President's speech. He felt, however, that the President was borrowing some of his thunder.

The protest is justified. The President's plan and the Senator's are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, since each is essentially a form of Federal control. Neither, then, offers a way out of the corruption which has been created by Federal Prohibition.

There can be no serious objection to the Webb-Kenyon Act, with the Reed amendment. This legislation is based on the authority of Congress to control inter-State commerce, and while it can be made an instrument of black-mail and other forms of corruption by dishonest officials, it is, in our judgment, a legitimate exercise of Federal authority. It was used before 1920 to prevent the shipment of intoxicating beverages into States where their sales was prohibited, without any outcry except from those distillers and brewers whose stupidity and knavery helped to bring on the Eighteenth Amendment.

But the inherent vice of the President's plan lies in its

retention of a dangerous form of Federal control. If Congress, overruling the States, is to decide what constitutes a saloon and what does not, then the Amendment is not repealed, but presented in another form.

We can tolerate a reasonable interpretation of the inter-State commerce clause, but not Federal jurisdiction in what is essentially a matter for local control. It will not do to assert that the President's plan establishes it only in a matter of minor importance. No Federal assumption of power is minor, for it is never static, but moves ceaselessly from one assumption to another. Permit the Federal Government to define "saloon," and to enforce its definition, and we again have the machinery which after twelve years has only succeeded in establishing centers of corruption in every part of the country.

The first step toward reform is the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. When that is accomplished, let Congress keep its hands off. All Federal interests and issues can be adequately safeguarded through a common-sense application of the laws now existing.

Neither the President nor the Senator seems to grasp the real purpose of this opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment which within a few months has become a mighty power. What millions of good citizens are demanding is the withdrawal of the Federal police from a field into which they should never have entered. They are not pleading for a return of the saloon. They are demanding a return to a Constitutional form of government.

The Blind

EVERY year modern industry takes one or both eyes from about 2,000 workingmen. The value of the time lost by these injuries, according to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, is about \$50,000,000. Approximately 300,000 workers suffer less serious injury to their eyes. In some instances, however, partial or total blindness follows improper or insufficient medical treatment.

Many of these accidents occur because more than forty per cent of the workers have imperfect vision to begin with. If this estimate is even a near approach to accuracy, we have reason to believe that the eyes of a large number of children of school age need medical care. Eyes automatically adjust and readjust themselves thousands of times a day, and since they may be badly overworked before they register a complaint, they are frequently abused. Usually the child does not recognize the complaint, and thus a minor disorder slowly and imperceptibly develops into a malady which medical science cannot cure or even alleviate.

Such facts as these show the necessity of medical attention in the elementary schools. The care given in the public schools, with all their resources is often, unfortunately, more showy than real, while very many of our own have no medical inspection whatever. A beginning has been made, however, in a number of dioceses, and it is hoped that the work will be taken up for all our schools.

Protective devices in hazardous occupations are compulsory in most of the States. In no State that we know

of have the educational authorities succeeded in extending a similar protection to the eyes of the child. Wherever there is a Catholic medical school, there should be no difficulty in arranging for medical care in our schools. In other communities, the board of health would probably lend its aid, or medical boards composed of Catholic physicians could be organized. Such work would be worth while if it succeeded in saving only one child from blindness.

Who Pays Your Taxes?

THESE reflections will be properly introduced by an apology to the advertising manager. For they are in the nature of a free advertisement for an insurance company.

Within the last few weeks this association, the Insurance Company of North America, has issued an advertisement under the caption, "One Reason Why Times Are Hard—Excessive Taxation." Brief, clearly written, and well documented, this advertisement is a public service.

Until the people realize that every citizen without exception pays taxes, taxation will continue to be excessive. As long as the popular superstition that only the rich pay taxes prevails, the tax rate will rise. That is the lesson which this Review has been insisting upon for many years. This phase of its fight for good government has failed completely. Every year taxes have become more rapacious.

In 1931, the national income was \$54,000,000,000. Government expenditures for the same year were \$12,000,000,000. According to another estimate, they were greater by nearly \$2,000,000,000. But taking the lower estimate, it is clear that today for every five dollars of his income, the citizen is obliged to pay about one dollar and eleven cents in taxes.

Twenty years ago, he paid only thirty cents. Ten years ago, the rate was fifty-five cents. Three years ago, it rose to sixty-three cents. Since that time, it has almost doubled.

Let us put the case in other figures. In twenty years, our national income has increased by about seventy per cent. Taxes have increased more than three hundred per cent. With the new tax-schedules, Federal, State, and municipal, in effect, the rate for 1932 will be much higher.

Who must pay the \$12,000,000,000 bill for government in 1931? To that question, there is but one answer. You and I must pay it.

How long can industry and commerce, the owner of the little grocery store at the corner, the contractor in a small way, the neighborhood shops in city and village, stagger along under this burden? The answer to that question is also plain. Many no longer stagger; they have been closed out and sold for taxes. Thousands of others barely exist from day to day, but hold on, hoping against hope for the dawn of better times.

Another question should be put. Why have government expenditures risen from \$2,000,000,000 to \$12,000,000,000 in twenty years? That question, too, can be easily answered.

Today out of every ten adults in the country, one is on the public payroll. A small percentage of these men and women perform necessary or genuinely useful work. A majority fill jobs which the Government has no constitutional right to create, or which have been established not for a public purpose, but to supply politicians and their friends with jobs.

A glance at the hundreds of bureaus, agencies, and commissions flourishing at Washington, supplies evidence for this statement. An examination of State and, particularly, of city payrolls supplies more evidence. "We have demanded a lot of service from our Government which we can no longer afford," protests the Insurance Company. True to a certain extent, the protest needs amending. We have demanded from the Government service which the Government should not supply.

Twenty years ago, government in this country began to assume a paternalistic character. Today it is no longer paternalistic. It is not even "good old grandmotherly" government. It is a government, Federal, State, and municipal, which has assumed some of the worst phases of Socialism, and has made the mixture doubly poisonous by adding corruption.

What are we going to do about it? It is suggested that we organize to elect to office only those men "who have pledged or will pledge themselves to strict economy." But that is the customary pledge of every grafter in search of a place on the payroll. When matters grow much worse, and half the property of the country is being sold for taxes, perhaps an aroused people will be able to find a remedy.

The Disillusioned 'Forties

SOMEONE, perhaps Henry Bordeaux, has called the fourth decade of life "the years of disillusionment." Until we are twenty-five, the world is ours. Some of us carry that conviction until we are thirty-five. Ten years later, we can no longer beguile ourselves. Our song is unsung, our cathedral a dusty set of unfinished plans, our poem not even visioned. We physicians peddle pills, and we lawyers find one somnolent clerk enough. Our children are not beautiful, and one or two are almost stupid. To hear that Polybius learned Greek at seventy, that De Morgan was nearly sixty when he published his first novel, that Cicero, himself aging, wrote a work in praise of old age, merely emphasizes our humiliation. We now know that we shall never learn Greek, or publish a novel, or write an essay for posterity. Life has not beaten us. It has simply ignored us.

It is not easy to begin again at forty-five, but the thing can be done. We have lost the iridescent visions of twenty-five, but we have gained in common sense. For the ambitions of twenty-five, we have some knowledge of our capabilities and limitations. At twenty-five, our fields in the future are sown by imaginary hands, but at forty-five, we can actually raise in our small plot beans and potatoes for the family dinner. We have food, and as for fame, she is a jade that only fools fight for. Was it not Tennyson at sixty who said that fame was "envy from inferiors, dislike from equals, and indifference from

superiors," and regretted that he had ever written a poem?

With their disillusionment the 'forties differ from the 'twenties as a mirror clear and a mirror clouded. The years have polished it, and into it we can look to discern what manner of men we are. We began one career with illusions. We can begin a better one on the foundation of truth. "The best is yet to be." In the years that remain, we build no dream castles, it is true, but we can build realities.

Our Broken Schools

THREE weeks before his death, the late Rev. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of the Episcopal church of the Holy Trinity in New York, wrote the preface to the Year Book published by his congregation. The extracts published in the daily press show Dr. Stetson's balanced judgment on certain vexing questions of the day, but his views on the necessity of religious education are of particular interest to all who realize the serious shortcomings of public education in this country.

Dr. Stetson follows the lines familiar to all Catholics. In the public schools, we have tried education without religion, with results that are "discouraging." Education in the colleges and universities has been based on the same foundation, and the results have been even more deplorable. The young men and women who have been trained in these institutions realize after a few years spent in battling with the world that they have been deprived of something that is essentially necessary in life. Since the complete text is not before us, we do not know what remedy Dr. Stetson would propose. Apparently, however, he thinks that the evil influence of the secular school and college can be successfully resisted by better religious training in the home and the Sunday school.

No doubt these agencies, particularly the home, are of great importance. In fact, unless there is a true religious atmosphere in the home, it is highly probable that the religious education of the child will not even be begun. But the home alone is not enough. Experience has shown that in many instances the atheists and the religious indifferentists who come from our colleges are the products of homes in which attempts were made to teach religion to the child by word and example. The seed was sown, but the tender blade was exposed to the chilling blasts of the religious indifferentism which is characteristic of secularistic schools.

Of such cases, we Catholics must mourn thousands. We have seen young people go off to college from our schools, and return after four years with a degree in irreligion as well as with a degree in arts. College students, after all, are mere boys, still in the period of adolescence, unformed in character, weak in judgment, and, as Newman has written, "the world," with all that the Scriptural phrase implies, "looks bright to inexperienced eyes." Exposed to assaults that would try the fortitude even of mature experience and intelligence, it is not to be wondered at that these young men and women stray from the Faith, and often, unfortunately, from Christian morality as well.

Normally, the home and the school must combine their

influence to form strong Christian character, if the work is to be done at all. Under modern conditions, the formal part of the religious training of the child generally devolves upon the school. But the modern public school omits religion, and, usually, the modern college attacks it. By passing over in silence all religious topics, the school, as Dr. Luther Weigle has pointed out, necessarily conveys to the mind of the child the conviction that religion is of little or no importance. By insidious attacks upon the very foundations of revealed religion, the college completes the wreck of what the school has left untouched. Instruction in the Sunday school can rarely supply what has been pointedly omitted by the classes which the child attends five days weekly. Sermons from the pulpit do not overcome the evil spirit that permeates the college which rejects the supernatural.

They have not accomplished these happy results in the past. Nor is it probable that they will in the future. Without religion in the school and college as well as in the home, the morally necessary products of secular education are religious indifferentists and atheists.

Father Cox's Third Party

THE interpretation of Cardinal Vassena, of St. Mary of the Peace, was that Father Malachy undertook to work a miracle "in order to bring people back to Faith in Our Most Illustrious Saviour, Jesus Christ." In the words of the Bishop of Midlothian, "Malachy had his fill o' unbelief and he wanted to see if he couldna make folks believe for a change." This was a most excellent purpose, but, as His Eminence pointed out, the normal way for a priest to encompass it is "by the ordinary channels: by saying Mass, by hearing confessions, by distributing Holy Communion, by preaching," and not by undertaking to perform miracles.

We are on the side of the angels and of the Cardinal, and we believe that practically all Catholics are. They look uneasily on the spectacle of a priest engaging in any good work that even seems to transfer him from the altar and the confessional to the headlines of the daily press. No doubt their uneasiness is at times ill founded. It is not to be taken for granted that the Bishop either does not know his duty, or is neglecting it.

At the present moment a priest of the Pittsburgh diocese, the Rev. James R. Cox, is leading a campaign for his third party. Many of the reforms which Father Cox preaches are badly needed, and we hope that his efforts to better the condition of the poor will be abundantly blessed. But it does not seem to us that forming a political party is the best way, or even a tolerably good way, of securing social and economic reform. With no intention of instructing Father Cox in his duty, which would be pure arrogance on our part, and uncanonical to boot, it seems to us that a parish-wide novena, in honor of St. Joseph, for instance, himself a workingman, would bring these reforms nearer. Since Father Cox will never be installed in the White House, we may permit ourselves the consoling reflection that, after all, he can do more for the purposes nearer his heart by his labors in the pulpit, at the altar, and in the "box."

The Young Man and Politics

J. G. E. HOPKINS

FEW will dispute the proposition that honest and efficient administration of government is essential to spiritual and material progress. It is also obvious that the participation in government of those best qualified by training and tradition is to the best interest of the governed. Any attempt at a proof of either of these statements would be absurd; yet in practice, how little are they realized or acted upon by the people of the United States!

To come closer to the subject: Since approximately the time of the Mexican War, or roughly, 1850, the average educated and talented American has come more and more to look down upon the profession of politics. It has come to be regarded as a necessary evil and the avenue to success of the lower element, so called. Our Brahmin speaks of "dabbling in politics" as something degrading, or at best as a mere amusement. The American undergraduate of today has none of the feeling toward his government and his possible share in it that, let us say, the young English university man possesses.

To our hypothetical young American, his government is not a tangible legacy from his forefathers who declared themselves in rebellion for the sake of representation in government. Rather it is a vaguely realized business concern which transacts matters relative to taxation, restrictive legislations, and visas on passports. Rarely, if ever, does he think of himself as a citizen, an integral part of government and the State. He has little or no sense of nationality. Unlike his English brother who foams in the Union expressly as a preparation for public life, our American greets any suggestion of politics as a profession with vague and boyishly cynical references to the "bosses" and total indifference.

It is not snobbery to say that a balanced education is a good preparation to participation in government. A young man with common sense, firm judgment, and a fairly thorough knowledge of history, economics, and the vicissitudes of States, is potentially more valuable to his own State than a young man possessed only of the natural virtues of common sense and firmness of judgment. Yet it is precisely this class of Americans, young, earnest, idealistic in their way, and fairly learned, who eschew the profession of politics as if it were one of the seven deadly sins. The only young Americans who do enter politics with some background are either what are commonly known as "sharp customers," or else ambitious young lawyers on the make, hungry for refereeships and places in the district attorney's office.

It is not this self-seeking class in which I am interested. They can be relied upon to do nothing without a motive that begins in their own desire for aggrandizement at the expense of the people; the office-seeking class in general do not interest me in this inquiry. But I am interested in the great majority of young men who go haphazardly into business or into a profession when the gates of

Alma Mater have closed behind them, who exercise a wholesome ambition in their chosen field, and who in later life gather in clubs and over luncheon tables to carp at the actions of their elected legislators.

Now "participation in politics" does not necessarily mean the seeking of office. It may have a variety of meanings; from simply voting, to active work in the city or county organization, to serving on nominating committees, and to active membership in party clubs. In all of these capacities, the class of which I speak is at present inadequately represented and would serve as a healthy leaven. The claim that our political machinery is in the hands of corrupt bosses who discourage any irruption of the young idea into their councils is at the moment substantially true. It is not true, however, that all bosses are corrupt. Politics is, as its name implies, largely a matter of compromise and tactful handling. And so a certain amount of tact is necessary for our young aspirants to participation in government.

The mere fact that a man is designated "Boss" intimates that he possesses for good or evil a certain position of power and authority which he is not prepared to relinquish at the simple stand and deliver of our prospective reformers. Yet on the other hand it is obvious that some change is necessary. The dilemma may be stated as follows: Either the present situation shall continue without let or hindrance from the young element who are too proud to touch pitch on the off-chance of being defiled, or else the class of which I speak shall go whole-heartedly into politics and use the weight of its influence and the moral suasion of its too-often neglected vote to promote the changes which they wish to effect. The day has gone when the man who could read was the political oracle of a neighborhood. And yet the same steam-roller methods which obtained then are still efficacious because of the almost criminal neglect which the average man has paid to his constitutional right of participation in the government.

Now to particularize: The moral bankruptcy of our present-day system has been exposed by the Holy Father in his several Encyclicals of late date. We cannot, to be sure, blame government for the abiding greed of the human race. But by legislation we can put such a curb upon greed as will prevent its too-free exercise. The young Catholic-college graduate, trained in Christian principles of sociology and economics, is called to descend from his ivory tower and mingle with the groundlings; or in less figurative language to occupy himself with the government of his country, not only in the nation, but in the State and the city, even in the ward.

This is a most fruitful field for Catholic action. A vigilant and interested watch upon our public servants will surely be productive of better things in government. It is the peculiarity of our system of government that our legislators rarely move unless they are pushed; in other

words, legislation of an ameliorative kind is seldom to be had without vigorous action on the part of those desiring it. We have had a sample of the ends to which our legislators will go to please an active minority in the late Senate hearing on birth control. If a small group of professional agitators can obtain so much by concerted action, how much more may we expect from the efforts of the educated Catholic laity pressing home upon the elected servants of the people the salutary lessons learned in the centuries of the Church's experience of men and their vagaries, and expressed in the Holy Father's cogent and solemn words. It must also be borne in mind that tact must be exercised in so acting. But tact does not mean a violet-like shrinking from the rough realities of political strife.

The question boils down to this: Let the Catholic young man, the Catholic-college graduate assume the position that is his of right and guaranteed him by the Constitution, let him learn the processes of government and participate in them, and let him pass on to the nation his legacy of right thinking and right acting. It is only by so doing that he may justify the claim that the graduates of Catholic colleges are the potential leaders of the nation.

In the United States where the exploded materialism of John Dewey still obtains a hearing, where the followers of Mary Baker Eddy were recently able to attempt a boycott upon a book critical of their cult, and where every bankrupt "ism" of art and philosophy may find its earnest devotees, surely in this milieu there is a place for the cool wind of sanity which is the philosophy and moving force of the Catholic Church. If none of this is brought before the attention of the reasonable and just of our fellow-citizens, then it is the educated Catholic laity who have failed, or, what is worse, who have never tried.

Little Fishes in the Brook

JAMES WILLIAM FITZ PATRICK

ALTHOUGH it was only mid-morning, Tiflis was already stewing and reeking in the August heat as the barouche containing my fellow-investigator, my unhappy self, and our Communist shepherd-interpreter ripped down Rustaveli Avenue and tore for the open country beyond the city. We were en route to inspect the Zemo-Avtchal hydro-electric plant which the Bolsheviks were completing and which will when finished, according to the Guide Book to the Soviet Union, "supply energy to Tiflis and the entire surrounding region." It will be a good trick if they do it. Tiflis and the surrounding region can do with a little energy, especially along the lines of sewage disposal, sanitation, and fly swatting.

The plant was to be examined and our expert observations were to form part of the report of the commission investigating conditions in Soviet Russia, a report which it was innocently imagined an avid world was awaiting in palpitant anxiety. The commission was supposed to be made up of American trade unionists. The unionists consisted of a miner, a plumber, a printer, and an actor. The balance was made up of intellectuals—university economists spending the summer silly season abroad; a

brace of lawyers; one pacifist poet; a modicum of gate crashers, meal spearers, and joy riders; two big-shot educators; and an earnest professor of something or other, whose burning interest in the Bolshevik experiment appeared to be how to land a job for his sister-in-law as prima ballerina of the former Imperial Ballet. Also a camp following of professorial wives and mothers who, having left their own offspring at home, were all asweat over the welfare of the kiddies of the U.S.S.R. Everybody was an expert in something and especially expert in expediting.

On this particular occasion, I myself was an expert in electrical engineering, and the unhappiness alluded to in the opening sentence was due to that fact. My knowledge of electricity in any and all its manifestations is absolutely non-existent. I have, it is true, been introduced to Mrs. Kilowatt by the bill collector for the Danbury and Bethel Gas & Electric Company, and I have a vague recollection of having heard the names of Messrs. Ohm and Ampère. But beyond these qualifications, I would not know a generator if it bit me in the leg, nor recognize a transformer if it smote me on the nose. I was able to wring some consolation from the fact that the printer and one of the lawyers had been told off to inspect the Dnieperstroï project and got away with it. It was the uncertainty about my brother-expert which worried me.

He had been, so I was informed, a former divinity student, whatever that may be, and was an almost-ordained minister in one of those sects described by the English army sergeant issuing church formation orders during the War as "fancy religions." He was a nice fellow, but his grasp of the basic beliefs of Christianity seemed to me to be about that of a badly instructed Australasian bushman. In spite of that, he might be an electrical wizard, and I was not eager to have the nakedness of my abysmal ignorance uncovered. In these amazing times when little children make their own radio sets out of papa's cigar box, mamma's hairpins, and a couple of gadgets from the Five-and-Ten, the woods are full of undetected Marconis and Edisons. There is nothing inherently impossible in a man being a theological washout and still knowing his positive and negative poles.

The station was only twelve kilometers upstream on the Kura River. Estimated by the speed with which our fur-capped Georgian charioteer was flogging his wild-eyed horse along the road, we might arrive any moment. There was no time to be lost if I was to ferret out just how expert my brother expert was, without at the same time exposing the truth that I was no expert at all. And yet the discreet approach seemed long delayed. There were so many distractions.

The sun, a ball of white-hot blinding flame, mounted higher in the remorseless skies, and although a member in good standing of the Ancient Order of Salamanders, I noticed regretfully the steady rise in temperature. The Red shepherd-interpreter filled the air with superheated comments on the Trans-Caucasian weather and expressed his wrath in familiar American expletives or their Russian equivalents. The stuffed cushions of the barouche turned into a morass of sweat-soaked hair. Through the dust

which swallowed and choked us, there flicked incredibly interesting flashes of native life. Along the blistering highway, sun-blackened barefoot boys whacked their tiny donkeys laden with firewood for the Tiflis market place. We careened past ancient carts whose solid wooden wheels groaned and screeched in greaseless agony under their freight of hay or charcoal. Fierce, resentful eyes stabbed at us savagely through the dust clouds as our barouche drove their owners headlong to the safety of the road edge. But the stark hills stared at us as indifferently as they had the passers-by for centuries.

Suddenly our Red shepherd yelled a question at the fur-capped charioteer who shrieked the answer right back. The hydro-electric station would come into sight when we reached the top of the oncoming rise. Now or never must my brother-expert be put to the test. "What do you do, doctor, when the house lights go out unexpectedly at home?" I asked, trying to smother the anxiety in my voice.

"My wife unscrews the blown fuse and inserts another," he answered. "Personally, I telephone the emergency crew of the electric company."

"Hoia! I was saved. He knew as much about electricity as he did about Christianity. Forthwith, like the truly foolhardy, having escaped one danger I waltzed immediately into another and began to interlard the conversation with airy allusions to voltages, condensers, turbines, and induction coils. My punishment followed with terrible swiftness, for despite my vociferations of unworthiness I was delegated spokesman, chief interrogator, and expert cross-examiner of the station officials. The perspiration on my brow turned to icewater. Not only would the first engineer we met smash my standing as an expert into flinders, but I would be disclosed as a counterfeit to my brother-expert.

I sat in dry-mouthed distress while the tough-looking sentry with the bayoneted rifle at the station entrance examined our credentials and finally satisfied himself we were not members of Pineapple Tossers Union, Local 666, Chicago, Ill., who had come to give the works the works. The Red shepherd hustled us into the presence of the Communist Kilocycle-in-Charge. He greeted us with all the pent-up enthusiasm of one whose days were made wretched by successive visiting delegations of snoopers from abroad; and whose nights were those of a harried political watchdog whose job it was to see that the non-Communist engineers actually building and operating the station did not throw counter-revolutionary monkey wrenches into the machinery. He rattled off his set speech of explanation like a schoolboy reciting from memory lines of whose meaning he knew nothing and cared less. There were four turbines already installed and working; there would be six when the project was completed; and more of the same stuff. At the word *turbines* my brother-expert looked expectantly at me. I was looking everywhere for an excuse to switch the conversation. A ruined monastery atop an adjoining hilltop looked promising until I remembered the company I was in. My errant eye finally lighted upon the sluiceway of the dam.

"There," said I loudly, "is a sluiceway as is a sluice-

way. I must go and look at that." Anything to get away from turbines and the other demons of the hydro-electric business.

The Red shepherd translated the encomium, and with an alacrity which my own guilty conscience ascribed to relief at escaping a subject the American experts would wish to discuss, the Kilocycle-in-Charge rushed us over to the sluiceway. There, as we stood gazing upon the stream boiling down the concrete channel, he opened the flood gates of his eloquence. He may have been tongue tied on turbines but he was Demosthenesed on sluiceways. His sleep-hungry eyes glowed triumphantly; his wearied lecturer's voice sang sonorously above the tumult of the rushing waters; he grew incandescent with fervor. Even the jaded Red shepherd caught fire and his translation flamed with pride.

Never since time began was there such a sluiceway, and only from the boundless love of the Communist wide-world heart could the inspiration for it have sprung. Engaged as they were in the task of loosing the enchained workers of the earth, the Bolsheviks had enough affection left over to give to the fishes of the Kura. The slaughter of hapless pickerel, unprotected perch, innocent bullpouts, and defenseless carp might go on in the streams of capitalistic power plants. But here, under the sweet dominion of the Sons of Marx, the fishes of the Kura River lived in a piscatorial paradise. For the sluiceway had been so designed that the tiniest minnow could swim up in ease and float down in comfort, free to come and go in the waters above and the waters below the dam. It was, so I inferred, a fish toboggan slide and a fish escalator. The Guide Book to the Soviet Union may declare that the Zemo-Avtchal plant will bring energy to Tiflis and the entire surrounding region, but after twenty minutes of hyperbolic explanation of the sluiceway it became apparent that its real purposes is to simplify swimming for little fishes in the brook. I lifted my shame-hung head in search of another digressive topic of interest, and so doing saw the most significant sight my eyes encountered anywhere in the U.S.S.R.

It was the statue of Lenin in the plaza of the power plant. Forty feet above its massive base it lifts a bronze figure on high. The head thrown back, almost photographic in its exactness of lineament, is raised in supreme defiance to the heavens. Arrogant assurance leaps out of the metal effigy. The whole figure is so alive that I waited, half-expecting to hear a torrent of firebrand words issue from the graven mouth. It is a magnificent example of the sculptor's art, and I left the trio talking fish to get a closer view of it. The right arm is extended in front of the figure and directs a merciless index finger towards the earth. Louder than words it commands, "Kneel!" The left arm is hidden behind the statue's back, and as I walked around the base to get a better picture of the whole body, I saw the position of the hand. It is clenched and tautened into a colossal fist.

There, so plain that even an American investigating expert could not miss its import, is clutched the hidden answer to what Leninism means to the world. Submit or be smashed!

This Modern Youth

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

SOMEWHERE Somerset Maugham writes that every person under twenty thinks that every person over forty is a little bit absurd. That is approximately true. He might have added, however, that most people over forty are convinced that the majority under twenty are decidedly mad.

But then, this has always been the case. Each generation has been puzzled by the generation that succeeded it, and each succeeding generation has looked with tolerant pity on its more immediate ancestors. Perhaps that is why we of the present decade feel much closer mentally and sympathetically to the age of Washington than we do to the Victorian period or to the early years of the present century. Distance mellows. We have the misfortune of living too close to those who are old when we are young and young when we are old.

Perhaps never, though, has any older generation been so completely puzzled as we have been. From the days immediately following the War, when the younger generation was made self-conscious, was branded with special titles such as "Flaming Youth," and found itself the heroes and heroines of countless books, we of the generation immediately preceding have regarded them with wonder and alarm.

The younger generation itself has in many cases begun to believe its own press agents. And when people start to believe their press agents, they develop mannerisms, poses, attitudes, and codes as startlingly unnatural as the sun-tan powder of two summers ago and the broad *A* adopted by Harvard graduates born in Iowa.

Undoubtedly, no generation has had such terrible press agents as this one. They have misled us, the elders, into believing weird and ridiculous things of our children. They have misled the children into thinking that weird and ridiculous things were expected of them. Too much publicity is bad for any man. And the younger generation has been given not only too much publicity in general, but entirely too much publicity of the wrong sort.

That publicity began with the supposition that this younger generation was entirely different from any group of human beings that ever existed before. Whether this was a fact or not, it was the greatest possible mistake to tell young people that. After all, the dear old bromide is true, and essential human nature, with its fundamental likes and dislikes, its ambitions and inhibitions, its abortive strivings and puzzled gropings, its self-importances and its actual achievements, is always pretty much the same. The superficial differences and the much deeper differences that actually do characterize this generation were decidedly marked. But it was unwise to play up those differences until young people felt they were a unique race who simply could not be understood by their elders, because their elders had never gone through the thoughts and experiences that had marked this present period of adolescence.

F. Scott Fitzgerald has passed through "This Side Paradise" to that side of oblivion, but left behind a sort of pattern on which young people felt they had to form their lives. *College Humor* set standards for young men and women that were imitated much more by drug-store cowboys and "Winnie from Woolworth" than by those actually in college. The films began to present stories of college life and to film the strivings and adventures of youth. Colleen Moore rose to swift screen eminence in "Flaming Youth." The "Collegians" presented stories of college just a shade less in accord with the facts than the Western films directed in synthetic frontier towns by Semitic directors who learned their West under the Brooklyn Bridge, and gave authentic pictures of cowboys based on stories written by Englishmen for the Broadway trade.

Judge Ben Lindsey became an outstanding philosopher of youth. From the intensive experience he gained in a juvenile court among delinquents and the sons and daughters of delinquents, he laid down broad principles of conduct for the whole of youth; which was just as sane a reasoning process as arguing to the intellectual status of American men from a study of the dwellers in the New York Tombs. He followed for youth the ridiculous method set by all too many psychologists of judging human nature not from its average or better groups but from its subnormals.

An entire group of unmoralists or immoralists, Havellock Ellis and his followers, talked glibly of youth, and laid down principles for their guidance based on the fundamental postulate that they had no self-restraint and that they were possessed with an overwhelming yen for liberty and license.

No worse group of publicists ever fell upon a generation than the novelists, dramatists, pseudo-philosophers, and scenarists who leaped avidly upon this younger generation. They gave us pictures that were distorted; and the older groups were puzzled, alarmed, and often frankly aghast. They set up utterly false ideals and principles of living; and the younger group wondered if that was what was expected of them.

They found themselves, these young people of ours, analyzed and psychoanalyzed, praised to the skies for virtues which they did not possess, and damned to the depths for vices of which they were not guilty. They had the unpleasant experience of being regarded sometimes as specimens, sometimes as geniuses, sometimes as morons, sometimes as accomplished sinners, and sometimes as abnormal saints.

It was all a most disturbing process. No speaker ever got up to address them without dragging in flaming youth. Self-confessed liberal speakers praised them far beyond the point of truth and far in excess of their actual virtues. Many an honest-minded young man or woman has hung his head in shame as speakers have told how honest and

straightforward and virtuous the younger generation is. On the other hand, amateur Savonarolas put them in the class with Don Juan and Catherine of Russia, without the opportunities of either, of course, but with decided leanings their way. And with candid eyes on their own rather uneventful experiences, the same young audiences wondered if they were missing something, if they were expected to be bad, and where in blazes these speakers got their facts, anyway.

Other generations have had held up for their imitation or avoidance the heroes and villains of the past. This generation has been forced to look upon itself, now as a race of heroes, now as a crew of hopeless villains; and, knowing clearly that it is neither, it grows more puzzled and more inclined to discredit the prophets of youth and rely on its own estimates of itself.

In view of all this, it seems that I am doing a more than rash thing in starting a series of articles on the young Catholic men and women of the present. Isn't this precisely another publicizing of a generation already too much in the limelight for its own good? Isn't another man setting himself up as a prophet of youth, when prophets of youth have been making such consistent chumps of themselves?

Perhaps. Yet I am convinced that there are differences in this group of young men and women which make them interesting and worth the consideration and attention of

their elders. They have been born into queer times. They have lived in a nerve-wrenching, soul-cluttering atmosphere which is filled with the sound of sledges laid heavily upon beloved idols, with the screech of sirens, engine whistles, and tires making sharp turns, wheels grinding on polished rails, and thinkers shouting at the top of their voices to disguise the fact that their speech is sound and fury devoid of thought.

They are puzzled with themselves, often enough, and keen for quiet self-analysis. And they deserve from us not praise for qualities they haven't got and possibly don't want; but credit for the virtues they possess, just blame and correction for the faults they know they are guilty of, and help which they need and are often afraid to ask.

It has been my blessed privilege to work with young men and women almost steadily for a number of years. I have talked to thousands of them, in groups and individually. I make no boasts of knowing them thoroughly. How could I? They admit they hardly know themselves. But I feel they have possibilities that are splendid, if often misunderstood. I am sure they have virtues that are frequently hidden under a crust that needs patient cracking.

And they know, this group of young men and women, that where in this brief series of articles I have judged them wrong and presented them wrong, they can patiently point out to me my mistakes, and I'll make every effort to correct and apologize.

The Facts about Spanish Jesuit Properties

LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

SO much loose talk has been going on in Spain, both in the press and in more or less private conversation, concerning the supposed property holdings and other wealth of the recently outlawed Jesuits, that this writer has deemed it worth while, in the interests of reportorial exactness, to obtain an outline of the facts from original sources.

The most extravagant form of these reports is that the Jesuits were so wealthy that they owned half the banks and the railroads. Some even throw in the ship lines for good measure. Since I have not noticed that the Government, which has laid violent hands upon almost all property that might even remotely be classified as Jesuit holdings, has made any pretense of seizing the banks, the railroads, or the ship lines, I have confined my inquiry strictly to those properties which were actually "expropriated" as belonging to the Jesuits.

What, then, are the facts as to these "expropriated" properties?

Let me first consider those properties which were held by legal bodies incorporated under the laws of the State, financed through the sale of its capital stock and deriving its revenues through its rental of properties. There are four such corporations, one in Barcelona, one in Valencia, one in Saragossa, and one in Bilbao. The properties which they owned were almost altogether, but not quite so, rented to the Jesuits for religious and educational

purposes. One of the terms of the rental agreement was that the properties should immediately be relinquished by the Jesuits should their Order ever be dissolved by the State. When the order of dissolution came early this year they were, in fact, so relinquished. It was after this relinquishment that the State came along and "expropriated" them.

Each of the four corporations held properties in the region where it was situated, that is to say, in the regions of Catalonia, of Valencia, of Aragon, and of Vascongadas. To consider each one in detail would merely have cumulative value. I will therefore consider only the Barcelona corporation known as "Education, S. A."—the "S. A." signifying "incorporated." Let me quote from a statement made to me by its attorney, Don Luis Jover Nunell:

"'Education, S. A.' was founded in 1891 by the Marquis de Comillas, Jose Ferrer Vidal, and by Jodé Zulueta, father of the present Secretary of State. Its present president is Manuel Marquis Puig, capitalist, and textile and chemical industrialist. First it acquired the property that was later used by the Jesuits as a college in the Calle Caspe. Four years later it acquired the *finca* of Sarriá and built the edifices that have served as the College of St. Ignatius. It built other schools which were rented to various *juntas de señoras*, (i.e. to nuns). . . . From the time of its foundation in 1891, 'Education, S. A.' has

acted strictly within its attributes and according to its legal obligations. As a mercantile entity, recognized as such, it has observed the mercantile and tributary laws, punctually paying all taxes assessed to it. It was recognized as a mercantile entity by all the administrative departments of the Government."

First of all, then, there was nothing of secrecy about this corporation. It maintained open and legal relations with the State for more than forty years. Next, if out of the revenues derived from rentals it paid taxes to the State, it follows that the Jesuits, its principal clients, were the actual taxpayers. In Barcelona those properties were important, for they included not only the college in the center of town known as the College of the Calle Caspe, and the extensive college of St. Ignatius, one of the most important in Spain, in the suburb of Sarriá, but other city property and the country *finca* known as "Can Barba," used by the Jesuits as a place of repose and convalescence for students and members of the Order.

There are indications that the Government will be obliged to let go of all the properties held by these four corporations, in spite of its best intentions to the contrary. The reason: the desirability of avoiding international complications. The holders of important blocks of stock in these corporations are foreign citizens. In the case of "Education, S. A.," the stockholders include citizens of the United States, of Great Britain, of Argentina, and of Chile. The Government has already found, to its discomfiture, that the notions of property rights held by foreign countries do not square with its own. For that reason, after seizing the famous scientific journal, *Iberica*, of Barcelona, to which the Jesuits were the chief editorial contributors, it was obliged to let go on presentation of proof that it was owned outright by an Argentinian. Its attempts to seize the famous Jesuit Church of the Calle de Flor in Madrid also came to naught when it was found that the property was owned by Americans. This church and the residence attached were among the edifices ravaged by fire, which here destroyed 100,000 precious volumes, during the rioting of May, 1931.

It might be mentioned parenthetically that foreign countries have the exotic idea that it is a function of the State not only to protect the owners of property in the possession thereof, but to protect them against wanton damage. I am informed on responsible authority that foreign insurance companies, backed by their Governments, have already demanded and received from the Spanish Government reimbursement for the indemnities the companies were required to pay to their clients who suffered damage through the burning of churches, convents, and schools in the riots just mentioned. The Government was accused of wilful neglect in failing to protect the property against mobs.

Just how real was that wilful neglect was revealed a few months ago when the then Minister of Government, Miguel Maura, "spilled the beans" in a speech in the Cortes. And the Government, by reimbursing the insurance companies, tacitly admitted the charge. This is a secret which it has never allowed to leak out in the still-censored and still frequently chastised Spanish press. (Of

even date *A. B. C.* is fined 10,000 pesetas for criticizing "the Government," and *El Imparcial* is, for similar cause, fined 1,000 pesetas and indefinitely suspended—all without trial.)

It may now be interesting to note the cases of two other properties serving the purposes of Jesuit education. One is that of the famous Ebro observatory, about 100 miles south of Barcelona, which is still being directed by that distinguished scientist, Padre Luis Rodés, S.J. The observatory, founded in 1904, was organized as a juridic body operating under the terms of a charter which provided that the station should revert to the Bishop of nearby Tortosa should the Jesuit Order ever be dissolved. When agents of the Government arrived to "expropriate" it, Padre Rodés was tactfully firm in pointing out that any such seizure would be illegal. The Government in this instance was obliged to recognize the justice of the director's position and the observatory is now under the patronage of the Bishop. It was a unique victory because the Government has certainly not shown itself so scrupulous as to other properties.

But the point I wish to make in citing the case of the observatory is that once more it refutes the argument of chicanery brought against the Jesuits. I make the same point with respect to the Jesuit university at Deusto—the only university which the Order was permitted to have in Spain. Fantastic tales are likewise told about the manner in which the Jesuits "acquired" this property. They are supposed, for instance, to have received it as a gift from the ex-King in return for certain questionable favors. They are reputed, as a consequence, to have acquired a valuable State property by a proceeding that bordered on fraud. Once more, what are the facts?

The Deusto university was originally built by the citizens of nearby Bilbao who hoped to establish an industrial university there. These citizens, failing to receive the expected support of the State, organized a *junta* to conduct the university on its own account. It functioned six years under the *junta*, but not satisfactorily. The *junta* then made a contract with the Jesuits whereby the latter would operate the university and pay the *junta* a rental fee on the basis of four hundred pesetas per year per student. That was the extent of the chicanery by which the Jesuits deprived the State of a valuable property—which the State had never owned. It will probably surprise many to hear that the Jesuits did not own their two most famous houses, the "Santa Cueva" at Manresa, owned by the Bishop, and the Novitiate at Loyola, owned by the municipality there.

So much for those blocs of "Jesuit property" to which the Jesuits never held title and the ownership of which they are supposed to have concealed for questionable motives.

The Jesuits, far from attempting to conceal property ownership, held such as was theirs openly and in their own name. Because of this very openness they have lost it.

As has been seen, in four different regions certain properties were owned by corporations and rented to the Order. But in all other parts of Spain, in the Madrid area and in Andalusia, for instance, the Jesuits held in

their own name all property necessary to their educational and religious work. Further, they even owned considerable property in the very regions in which the mentioned corporations existed.

Indeed, more than half the properties which served the purposes of the Jesuits in Spain were their own and have been confiscated. They include all the valuable buildings of Madrid except the church already noted, which was sold after the fire. Among the confiscated property is the famous college of Chamartin de la Rosa, to which went the country's aristocracy. The loss is tremendous and, as I pointed out some time ago, the Spanish tribunals have in effect left the owners without recourse on the strange plea that "the Government" can do no wrong.

But as to those other properties which were owned by corporations, the claims of their owners are now being urged through governmental channels according to the law. The first recourse is to the *Patronato de Incautación*, or Expropriation Commission. The next step will be the courts, if the *Patronato* does not recognize its error. Should both the *Patronato* and the courts fail to give satisfaction, the way will open for foreign intervention.

The foregoing states the situation unless it be changed by a new political upheaval, which is not improbable at this writing. The present Government is as tyrannical, as un-twentieth century as ever was that of the monarchy which, be it understood, I do not and would not defend. Where there are tyranny and oppression there is bound to be an explosion as happened in the case of the monarchy. Bossuet remarked in one of his sermons that there was never a popular overthrow of government without just cause, but that if there be just cause let those who govern beware. The existing Government, by its oppressions and by its failure to make common cause with the great majority of citizens whom it pretends to represent—I refer to citizens of both "Right" and "Left" persuasions—is building its house over a volcano.

One of two things must happen. Either the Government will see and right its error, or there will be an explosion. If the latter come about, then perhaps, after the smoke has cleared away, there will be established a regime having something more in common with current concepts of justice and with the concepts of obligations devolving upon a modern State.

AT MULLENS'

If you stand on Mullens' hill, a chill upon your lips,
The wind from Kerry Head will be hurting you like whips:
Don't mind—you see the ocean and the marching ships!

Stay back of Mullens' window, your nose against a pane,
And see the strength of horses plowing down the grain—
Mullens' span of sorrels steaming in the rain!

Or tramp by Mullens' bog, where wild ducks in alarm
Will rise up of a sudden and fly away from harm;
Though 'tis nearly safe as paradise at Mullens' farm!

Ah, spend a summer at Mullens' where hiding cuckoos sing,
On an autumn of hushed twilights and the sad thoughts they bring,
A winter when chickens hide a head below a wing;
Or come when drilled gardens look like harps on the lap of Spring!

PATRICK J. CARROLL, C.S.C.

Back of Business

"RESTORING confidence" has been the slogan ever since the campaign against the depression started. The recent rise in commodity prices, as well as speculation in Wall Street, has been given a hearty welcome largely because it apparently foreshadowed the return of confidence. Business leaders, political bosses, and Government officials have constantly reminded us that only confidence can lead us to better times. Moreover, they have pointed out that without confidence this nation could not have climbed upon its proud pedestal, towering over the nations of the world. While lack of confidence may lead to panic in times of depression, I do not believe that confidence plays the part in either prosperity or in the history of the nation which is attributed to it by our leaders.

In business (and this is a business column) only two factors must be considered of guiding and controlling influence: gain and loss. Either we have "confidence" of gaining something, or we live in "fear" of losing something. Is either one, therefore, a force by itself? Or a cause? No, it is nothing else but a consequence! Something must have happened *before* fear or confidence can assert themselves. Some event must have taken place before the reaction, either through confidence or lack of confidence, sets in. This order of cause and consequence can be observed all the time.

Widespread hoarding today was preceded yesterday by the failure of thousands of banks; we lived in "fear" to lose if we left our money in the banks. But a few years back we speculated far beyond our means, and this was preceded by years of prosperous business which laid the foundation on which we built our "confidence" to gain something. Today, thousands of families do not buy according to their means; they are afraid of further income cuts. But yesterday, these same families bought excessively; they were hopeful of increased income. In 1929, our manufacturers produced more than they could sell; they blindly hoped for the people to buy more. In 1932, they cut production even below current necessities. Was their confidence justified back in 1929? Hardly, for they are still paying for it! Is their present fear justified? Hardly, for they will not find more buyers by cutting those buyers' income through wage cuts, dividend cuts, salary cuts.

Our doctrine of confidence, if built on nothing but air, is fallacious. A broom does not become a maple tree if we fix it up with maple leaves. Nor can we restore prosperity if we try to fix up the depression with the ornaments of prosperity—namely, confidence. Obviously, the way to restore confidence is and can be only to show where and how we can make gains, profits, and a better living. It is the only soil in which confidence thrives. Any other attempt must necessarily end in failure.

Those who preach confidence without something substantial to back it up prove that they have no insight into those forces that make for confidence; else they would get down to brass tacks and work on a sound economic readjustment which would automatically produce much-wanted "confidence."

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.

Education

A Meditation on Hell

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

WITHIN the memory of living men, we wrote it "h—" and "d—." No self-respecting typesetter would scorch his fingers by supplying the missing letters. They were used only in prayer books.

Today we are above all else frank. That is, we are frank within reasonable limitations. Without a blush, we use the name of what children call The Bad Place as a minor or ferial expletive. But we object to any consideration of it as a truth of Revelation. It is all very well to curse about Hell, for our best people do that. But it is all very bad to pray about Hell. Frankness must have some limitations.

The public taste has changed since St. Ignatius wrote "The Spiritual Exercises," in which he included a meditation on Hell. Perhaps he did not give it the importance which some zealous missionaries attach to it, banging away on the pulpit, as they suspend their audience over the pit by a frayed filament; still, commentators tell us that he thought it should not be lightly omitted. For Ignatius was a psychologist as well as a Saint. He knew how often even those whose Christianity is fairish can be properly swayed by motives which, though good, are not so good as other motives. Among the not-so-good, he enumerated the fear of Hell, and he bade his spiritual clients pray "for an interior sense of the pains which the lost suffer, in order that if I through my faults forget the love of the Eternal Lord, at least the fear of punishment may help me not to fall into sin."

I have never seen an application of this meditation to education. I cannot supply the missing chapter, but perhaps I can indicate the points which it should embrace.

Next month nearly two million children will return to our schools. I suppose that the parents of most of these youngsters look on the Catholic school as an indispensable aid. Without it, they could not fulfil the obligation of giving their children a Catholic training. Not all can discuss the matter philosophically, but experience has taught all the supreme need of God in life. Often have they been fairly enmeshed in difficulties of so distressing a nature that no human aid was possible, but they sought and found relief in God. As the years speed by, they realize that religion, with the invigorating Sacraments and the other manifold helps it affords, has enabled them to face life courageously and to go on living.

Hence they are convinced that an education which does not teach the child from the beginning that the most important thing in life is to praise, revere, and serve Almighty God, is a fraud and a delusion. It is not merely defective, but infected, and infected at the root. With Pius XI, they believe that the child has an actual right to a Catholic education, and that they would be guilty of a grave injustice in depriving him of it. For the most part, however, these parents are not thinking of a sin that might be committed, but of a good which they are anxious to accomplish.

Other parents are indifferent. Their children are in a Catholic school largely because it is habitual with the people with whom they associate, to patronize a Catholic school. Under other circumstances, they would not hesitate, probably, to send the children to a godless—I mean to a local public school. Still, a good habit is a good thing, and we can pray that these parents will always find themselves in a Catholic environment.

Finally, some parents choose a Catholic school, not because they understand its superior advantages, but because it has been borne in on them that the law of the Church really binds in conscience. To them the Faith is not the greatest joy in life, but a series of burdensome commands. Yet they have it, like the lady who exclaimed, "Bother! Just as I had my children nicely fixed in the Pestalozzi school, the Pope had to go and tell me to take them out!" The Holy Father had not cabled this command, I need hardly say, but she had heard of his Encyclical, and she complied with growls and groans, in a lady-like key, of course, and her Faith won the victory.

In the hope that others may growl and groan, and then send their children to a school which will take care of their souls as well as of their brains, I propose to offer an extract or two from the law of the Church on education. Some parents may find them like St. Ignatius' meditation on Hell, and be moved to pray that "the fear of punishment may help me not to fall into sin," the sin, that is, of depriving their children of a Catholic education. Let us begin with the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. In the first chapter of the Sixth Title, we find the following words.

"But we are taught by the most convincing testimony both of the friends and adversaries of the Faith that the number of those who have fallen away from the Church, chiefly because they were trained in State schools, is so immense that they afford most abundant cause for grief to us and joy to our enemies.

"Therefore, we not only exhort Catholic parents with paternal affection but we *command* them with all the authority in our power, to procure a truly Catholic education for their dear children, given them by God, reborn to Christ in Baptism and destined for Heaven; and further, to defend and secure them from the dangers of secular education throughout the whole time of infancy and childhood; and finally, *to send them to the parish or other truly Catholic schools*, unless, indeed, the Bishop of the diocese judge that in a particular case other provision may be permitted. . . .

"After a full consideration of these matters, we conclude and decree . . . *that all Catholic parents are bound to send their children to the parish school unless it is evident that a sufficient training in religion is given either in their own homes, or in other Catholic schools.* . . . What constitutes a Catholic school is left to the decision of the Bishop."

The language of the Council is plain. The Fathers authoritatively command, in a matter of grave moral import. Violation of this command is, then, a grave moral disorder.

How serious this disobedience is can be estimated by

consulting the Instruction of the Propaganda, addressed to the Bishops in this country on November 24, 1875. After reviewing the dangers to Catholic children inherent "in the schools called public in the United States of America," the Congregation, with the approval of Pius IX, concludes in the following words.

" . . . Parents who neglect to give their children this necessary training and education; or who permit their children to frequent schools in which the ruin of souls cannot be avoided; or, finally, who having in their locality a good Catholic school, properly appointed to teach their children; or having the opportunity of educating their offspring in another place, nevertheless send them to the public school, without sufficient reason and without the necessary precautions by which the proximate danger may be made remote: these, as is evident from Catholic moral teaching, *if they are contumacious, cannot be absolved in the Sacrament of Penance.*"

This decree is not obsolete. On May 31, 1893, the decrees of the Baltimore Councils and the Instruction of 1875, were once more affirmed by the Pontiff, Leo XIII. " . . . We again as far as need be, declare that the decrees which the Baltimore Councils, agreeably to the directions of the Holy See, have enacted concerning parish schools, and whatever else has been prescribed by the Roman Congregations, whether directly, or through the Sacred Congregations concerning the same matter, are to be steadfastly observed."

Canon 1374 sums up the law:

Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral, or mixed schools; that is, such as are also open to non-Catholics. It is for the Bishop of the place alone to decide, according to the instructions of the Apostolic See, in what circumstances and with what precautions attendance at such schools may be tolerated, without danger of perversion to the pupils.

The Councils and Propaganda refer directly to elementary schools. But Catholic parents must not draw the conclusion that the non-Catholic high school or college is a fit place for the Catholic child. These institutions, it is true, profess to be "neutral," but, as Pius XI writes in his Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, "such a school cannot exist in practice; it is bound to become irreligious." And the Pontiff quotes from Tommaseo a statement which many parents have found to be true through the ruin of a son or daughter: "The school, if not a temple, is a den." To be "a fit place for Catholic students," writes Pius XI,

it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school, and its teachers, syllabus, and text-books in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit, under the direction and maternal supervision of the Church; so that religion may be in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary, but the intermediate and the higher institutions of learning as well.

According, then, to the teaching of the Vicar of Christ, unless the high school, college, or university, is permeated by the spirit of Christ, and directed by the Church, so that religion is the crown and foundation of the training it proposes to give, it is *not* "a fit place for Catholic students." Pius IX expressed the same teaching when, in 1854, he wrote, "The soul of the entire academic training must be our holy religion."

The doctrine of Pius IX and Pius XI, which is the common teaching of the Church, rules out of consideration for Catholic parents all but our own schools and colleges. All others, from Harvard down to the newest foundation, reject that teaching with contempt. They are not neutral in principle or in practice; according to Pius XI, they are irreligious. Parents who entrust their sons or daughters to any of these institutions, without due authorization from the ecclesiastical authority, incur a fearful responsibility. Even when that authorization (which means, at most, mere toleration) has been obtained, they are under a strict obligation to watch over the Faith and morals of their children, and should these be imperiled, to remove them at once.

"Demas hath left us," St. Paul once wrote sadly, "loving this world." Fathers and mothers who love this world more than they love the spiritual welfare of their children will not be deterred from entrusting them to non-Catholic schools, even by a flaming vision of Hell. Still, it is not time lost to catalog the stern duties imposed in this respect by the law of God and of the Church. Here and there, a parent may ponder and heed. Should he end with the one good resolution to send his child to a Catholic school, the meditation on Hell has been immensely profitable.

Sociology

What the Soldier Said

JOHN WILTBYE

THERE are dozens of things that I do not like; perhaps more. What Justice McReynolds said in *Pierce vs. The Society of the Sisters of the Holy Name*, to wit, that no one had ever compiled a complete catalog of the natural rights protected by the Constitution, may be applied to the things that I do not like. Their name is legion.

Saving your patience, let me cite just a few. I do not like carrots, or Prohibition, or interurban buses, or onions, or Federal education, or moving pictures, or Mayor Walker. But I have put the Mayor in the wrong place. He is in reality the Abu ben Adhem of the creatures whom and which I do not like.

That, precisely, is the reason why I should hesitate to charge him with malfeasance, misfeasance, or non-feasance. "Brother Wiltbye," I should say to myself, "granting that you know the meaning of the terms (which is open to doubt) your dislike is probably a by-product of bile. What you really dislike are his spats. Now spats are not incompatible with honesty and ability in public office, or even with sanctity. Wasn't there a Saint who wore a frock coat (which you also dislike)? Take a look at the record, before you register a conclusion."

In other words, it is particularly unsafe and unfair for me to judge what I dislike, unless I cross-examine the evidence. Better still would it be, to submit myself to cross-examination at the hands of another.

I wish that the Seabury commission had followed this rule. The accusers of Mayor Walker were examined,

and their testimony is voluminous. All of it may be true, or only some of it may be true, but what part, no one knows. None of it was subjected to cross-examination; consequently, as far as it bears on the Mayor as a defendant, this \$750,000 investigation is worthless. "It is nothing," remarks Mr. Hearst, "but inflated hooey." Since I can but rarely indulge in the luxury of agreeing with anything that Mr. Hearst may say or do, I hasten to embrace this opportunity. As far as the limited intelligence at my command will permit, I will say that he is right.

For testimony is never evidence until it is proved to be truth. It is a matter of common experience that we can be sure we saw, and certain we know, when in reality we did not see and do not know. I am not referring to down-right perjurers, or to men who form their consciences (or what does not serve them as consciences) about "the whole truth." I mean this: that men can come forward with every intention of telling the truth, neither exaggerating nor suppressing, and yet bear witness to what is objectively untrue. Essential facts, unknown to them, can destroy the worth of their testimony, or they may be swayed, unconsciously, by prejudice.

Here we observe the value, or, rather, the absolute necessity of cross-examination. It is no "third-degree stuff," no holdover from the Inquisition. Cross-examination is the normal process to which every man subjects himself in any matter of importance. He gathers his data, scrutinizes them with care, rejects what is obviously false, and cross-examines what is left. Then, if he is a wise man, he asks for further cross-examination by an impartial judge. This process is simply a dictate of common sense.

It is true that it can be abused. Yet without it, the truth in complicated cases could rarely be attained. Skillfully used, it breaks down the perjurer, smokes out the witness with the synthetic conscience, and adds to the story of the honest witness ascertained facts which show that he was in error. Briefly, cross-examination is a valuable and, usually, a necessary means of arriving at the truth.

Hence it is to be regretted that in his investigation of the affairs of the City of New York, Judge Seabury dispensed with cross-examination. He conducted public hearings and star-chamber hearings, but no hearing, so far as I can ascertain, at which the accused were confronted with their accusers, and permitted to cross-examine them. I am well aware that Judge Seabury was not sitting as a magistrate. But I think I am right in assuming that he was sitting (or standing) as counsel to a committee which was trying to get at the truth. He has amassed, I believe, thirty-six volumes of testimony. How many pages of truth these volumes contain, no one knows, not even Judge Seabury.

As I write, Governor Roosevelt has been trying for a week to find out. Before long, the courts may also be embarked on the same sea of uncertainty. Which is only another way of saying that after two years, the Seabury commission has not only *not* made any recommendations for the better government of New York (which, as the

good Lord knows, are sadly needed) but, apparently, has reached no conclusions. For several years, Judge Seabury with his army of stenographers, printers, pursuivants, and young barristers, has been gathering, taking down, and printing, what the soldier said. As you know your Dickens, I need hardly repeat the ruling of Stareleigh, *J.*, in *Bardell vs. Pickwick*. "You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, Sir," His Worship cautioned Sam Weller. "It's not evidence."

But, to quote Sergeant Buzfuz, of counsel in that famous case, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened." It seems to me that Judge Seabury has succeeded very well in gathering all that could be said against the official behavior of Mayor Walker, but little or no evidence to support what was said. In his opening address, John J. Curtin, counsel to the Mayor, maintained that this mass of testimony was *ex parte*, and steadfastly refused to admit that it was evidence. Going directly to the point, Mr. Curtin characterized the procedure of the Seabury commission in the words of the Supreme Court in *Walsh vs. Rogers* (54 U. S.).

The person who prepares the witness and examines him can generally have just so much, or just so little, of the truth, or such a version of it, as will suit his case. In closely contested cases of fact, testimony thus obtained must always be unsatisfactory and liable to suspicion, especially if the party had time and opportunity to take it in the regular way.

The Seabury commission assuredly had time and opportunity. Hence to me, as to every citizen who followed its proceedings, it must remain a mystery why the committee preferred to rely upon inferences from statements steadfastly withheld from cross-examination, instead of upon evidence. Confidence in the result would be greater if it had done otherwise.

With other large cities in this country, New York suffers from misgovernment. As far as the Seabury commission is concerned, I think it will continue to suffer. Within the last ten years we have had a swarm of commissions, Federal, State, and municipal, all ostensibly "investigating" evils, and the investigated evils have waxed fat and flourished to a degree unknown in the uninvestigated previous decade. While the investigators fiddle, the crooks steal the town. The Seabury commission has thrown away a magnificent opportunity. Like other commissions, not having the love of evidence before its eyes, as it should, it has pinned its faith to what the soldier said.

GOD WILLS IT

Bohemund and Tancred and Raymond St. Giles

Went to the Holy Wars and saw the Greeks and Crocodiles;
They fought the Sultan's Turkomans and quarrelled on the spoils,
But minstrel bards, when they came home, sang legends of their
toils.

Now, Robert of Flanders also went crusading with the first

And fought amain, but quarrelled not; and suffered wound and
thirst;

But he was such a modest man, sans jealousy, sans pride,

That he, the bravest of them all, sans bard, sans legend, died.

R. F. GRADY, S.J.

With Scrip and Staff

MUNICIPAL buildings, I imagine, have a certain family resemblance. They specialize in length of corridors, size of windows, multiplicity of waiting rooms; and particularly on that bland indifference to newness and smartness which rebukes the upholstered front of Big Business. "After all," remarked the elderly attendant who beguiled for me a longish wait on a summer afternoon, "the city can afford to look as if people made use of its offices."

Hailed as "Michael" by a voice from the adjoining sanctum, the attendant had apparently long practised the art of beguiling weary occupants of the ante-camera. Soon after I entered, and was gently steered to a seat beneath the dusty map of the North End Drainage System, surveyed in 1887 by Piper, Waters, and Drowne, Engineers, Michael began conversation with a pleasant-looking gentleman who had been following in my footsteps. With his air of resigned importance, Michael evidently had the way of extracting considerable information as to why, for what purpose, and to what effect each person was intending to interview the Commissioner of Health. This pleasant-looking party, introducing himself to me as Captain McLeod, was undertaking to interest the Commissioner in a series of popular lectures that he expected to deliver on the improvement of the human race. He was sure the city would support the plan once its officials realized the saving that would be made in the number of defectives, criminals, and insane that now thronged the municipal institutions, were his recommendations carried into effect."

"Well, it's a great scheme," said Michael, "and I am sure the Commissioner will be interested in anybody who will make a contribution to the city's health. But, now, could you inform me as to how you would go about this task of improving the race?"

"Very simply," replied Captain McLeod. "By the simple process of sterilization, with the nature of which, I presume, you are familiar?"

Michael's brow slightly puckered; but his sole remark was: "Go on; let's hear about it."

"Do you realize," continued the Captain, "that careful studies now indicate that there are 6,000,000 in the United States who have been, are now, or at some time will be, legally committed as insane to State institutions? The number of those who suffer from incipient mental disease sufficient at some time to incapacitate them for work but who are never legally declared insane is about as great, making a total of 12,000,000 persons subject to a mental disease in one of its most serious forms."

"Whence do you obtain those figures, Captain?" was my question.

"From the Human Betterment Foundation of Pasadena, Calif.," replied the Captain. "They go still further. Adding the feeble-minded, we have now 18,000,000 persons in this country who are, or at some time during life will be, burdened by mental disease or mental defect and so a charge upon the population. There is one outstanding, practical humane measure which can cure this state

of things, prevent the possibility of their multiplication."

"Why not prevent *all* multiplication?" I inquired.

"How so?"

"Because," I remarked, "I recently learned from the lips of one of the most distinguished psychiatrists of this country, in charge of one of our best-known private institutions for the mentally afflicted, that it is an absurd, 'medieval' notion that refuses to recognize that there is some degree of insanity in *every* family. 'Ridiculous,' were his words, 'to talk of "insanity in the family." Psychiatric science has proved that mental sickness is a well-nigh universal trait of mankind. Only hide-bound, outworn beliefs, based on medieval demonology, can presume to erect a rigid border-line between the so-called sane and the so-called insane. Mental sickness is a normal, universal occurrence.'"

"So, then," said Michael, "to preserve the public health ye'd have to sterilize them all?"

"That's an extreme conclusion!" exclaimed the Captain. "We should use discretion."

"Just so," replied Michael. "And would you be the discretioner?"

Appearing displeased by this unexpected turn in the argument, Captain McLeod returned to his newspaper. Michael, in his patient way, stood quietly gazing at the fountain in the Municipal Park hard by. From there his eyes wandered to a bill-board across the square, and he directed my attention to the picture displayed by the Unlucky Hit Cigarette Company. "What do you think of such an advertisement?" he asked.

"I would say that it is objectionable. Not only objectionable, but a distinct sign of decadence."

"So it seems to me," said Michael. "Yet what is there so bad about it? The young couple are not improperly dressed. They wear the same costume, come to think of it, as my own children when they go to the beach on a Saturday. Is it just because they are sitting around so nonchaylant, as it were?"

"Prejudice, sheer prejudice," came from the Captain, who pointed to a similar advertisement in the newspaper he had in his hand. "There's nothing in such a picture except what you put there."

"If there is nothing in it, then," said Michael, "why does the Unlucky Hit Company take the trouble to decorate all the express trucks in town with these beach scenes? Isn't it because people do find something in it?"

"You're a Puritan, I fear," said the Captain. "The age is changing."

"Devil of a Puritan am I," replied Michael with some warmth. "The age can change, but it can't change man's nature."

"Yet you cannot explain your own position."

"I can explain it," said Michael, "by telling you the rules that the Church of God lays down for our conduct. But they would mean little to the likes of you. How would you put the case to him, Sir?" he concluded, addressing me.

"It is hard to philosophize where fancy plays such a part," I replied. "But I believe there is a principle in this whole matter which helps to explain the rights and

wrongs of clothes and their lack. The principle may be simply stated thus: that the imagination of human beings is excited, or influenced, almost as much by the sense of *purpose* that they share with others as by the mere external impressions from their fellow-humans."

"If I get your meaning," said Michael, "it is that when people are much taken up with doing something in which they are interested, they are not so apt to pay attention to the mere looks of things?"

"Precisely. So, when people are actively engaged in games and sports, swimming, for instance, the costume or lack of costume—within, of course, certain limits—makes scant impression on the imagination. But if you transport the beach costume into another atmosphere of purpose, if I may so call it, the imagination takes a different turn. The costume that is *natural* for the running track or the surf—because of the kind of pursuit these imply—is unnatural for the still, quiet, conversations of social life, when the sense of purpose is cast aside, the mind relaxed, thoughts wander, and people have little to do but yield to the impression of the moment."

"So what you object to in the bill-board over yonder," said Michael, "is not the beach costume as such, but the beach costume carried over into intimate social conversation, that has no more to do with salt water than that 'salt-water taffy' they sell to you at Atlantic City?"

"That's my point," I replied; "and it could be illustrated from countless examples of the activities of civilized and uncivilized man. Mankind has a tremendous ability for mental absorption, which often is the protection of innocence. But idleness removes the protection."

"The Commissioner will be ready pretty soon now," remarked Michael. "And now, coming back to your health proposition, Captain, may I make a suggestion?"

"With pleasure," replied the Captain, who appeared to have followed the discussion with interest.

"Would it not be a more practical health measure, in the long run, if, instead of keeping out of existence millions of human beings whom ye can't prove to be one bit less sane than you or I, ye try to stop some of the things that are driving men and women insane today?"

"For instance?"

"The confusion which these advertisements and their like create in the minds of the young. They are deliberately spoiling healthy amusement, by making it serve an unhealthy purpose. That's Puritanism for you: Puritanism upside down! And the minds turned upside down by this sort of morality are those which are costing the country its billions today. But, thank God, there are enough sane people left in the world to show these advertisers that it will cost them, too, in the end."

The door of the Commissioner's sanctum then swung open, and the secretary beckoned, while I left Michael and the Captain to conclude their discussion. When I came out, however, from attending to my wee bit business, I found Michael standing there alone, still placidly gazing at the fountain in the Municipal Square. "Well, the good man!" said Michael. "He thinks he'll wait till Christmas before he starts to improve the human race."

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

The Word Swallowers

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE young man in the box office was a pleasant person, inclined to be chatty. Also, I had presented myself for my tickets before the usual line had formed and he had a sense of leisure. He eased his mind of a problem.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "if every person who comes to this box office isn't deaf. They all want seats in the front row!"

If he had commented on the weather or the business depression or the presidential campaign or any of our other national troubles I would have given him a cheery word of sympathy and passed on. But he had touched on a matter with which my own mind has been increasingly occupied of late. I was rooted to the spot.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you," I asked in the tone of one with an open mind, "that there may be some other reason than deafness for the general wish to be as near the stage as possible?"

The young man had an open mind, too.

"Of course," he admitted heartily. "Some of 'em may be blind!"

We talked a few minutes longer but it didn't get us anywhere. The young man's fixed conviction was that of his theatrical world. Granting that all their spectators are trying to crowd forward in the theaters, and that no one is willing to sit back of the fifth or sixth row if he can avoid doing so, theatrical people put the phenomenon down to deafness or myopia and let it go at that. They are as deaf to the real explanation of the present stage situation as the average theater patron now is to what is being said on the stage he is facing. It is an incredible situation, offering two problems to the innocent bystander. The first is that of how to open the eyes of producers to a situation easily remedied. The second is how to check the acquiescence of the theater-going public in this situation.

Probably the second problem helps to explain the first. The American public is the best natured composite human group to be found in any part of the world. It will, and does, accept all sorts of discomfort without complaint. It will and does pay out its money for plays it cannot hear and it complains only to its neighbors in adjoining seats who, meeting the same conditions, are sympathetic fellow-sufferers. If even one in ten victims complained of the diction on the average there would be a brisk reform. Apparently few spectators do complain. Thus, bright young men in the box offices, observing the stampede of its few patrons to the front rows, complain that the theater-going public is deaf. And the producers, observing not even that, sadly ask the public how they can expect the theater to succeed if more people don't spend money to enter it.

Right here let me admit that I am using the word "diction" rather loosely. The pronunciation of our language on the American stage is usually good. The modu-

lation is usually pleasing. What I am complaining about is the failure of the players to speak loudly enough, distinctly enough, to make themselves heard back of the first few rows.

There was a time, a few months ago, when an uprush of hope for reform flooded my being. The morning following the opening of "Another Language" the brilliant critic of the *New York Times*, after warmly praising the play and the acting, added wearily—as nearly as I can remember his words: "But the lines of the play could not be heard back of the fifth row of the orchestra!"

I chortled aloud as I read the comment. Knowing that one word of criticism from the dramatic reviewer of a leading metropolitan newspaper usually means more to the average producer than the notes of the last trumpet will mean to him, I said to myself: "Here's one big reform under way. At least, hereafter, the public will hear the lines of *that* play, if they don't hear another play in town."

I pictured the producer of "Another Language" reading the review, calling a special meeting of his company, and laying down the strange new law: "Your lines must be heard throughout the theater." I pictured the awe-struck company, stunned by this extreme ruling, but cheered by the big reception given the play and willing to indulge the odd fancy of producer and critic. I said in my blindness: "This will open their eyes. This is the beginning of a general reform."

As it happened, I did not see "Another Language" for several nights after its opening. When I finally attended the play I accepted without outcry seats back of the center of the house. I said in my arrogance to the friend who was with me: "We'd hear the lines of this play tonight if we sat out in Bryant Park!" I added buoyantly: "Sitting in my home in Gramercy Park I *think* I caught a good many lines floating downtown during these last three days of rehearsal! The ladies and gentlemen of the company may be slightly purple in the face from their exertions, but we'll overlook that."

We took our seats—and what happened? We saw the Hallems—all of them. We knew they were Hallems because the program told us so. They were interesting to look at. We saw them having supper together, saw their lips move. We realized that they were speaking. Being highly intelligent we knew that certain scenes going on before us meant that the characters were chatting, quarreling, or making love, as the case might be. Loud guffaws from the first few rows testified that the favored few there had heard witty lines. The rest of us smiled wanly. Occasionally a few audible words floated toward us from a player who either had a spasm of pity for us or was choking on a mass of words he or she temporarily could not swallow. My friend gave me a severe nudge.

"This," she said bitterly, "is what we were supposed to hear over in Bryant Park!"

"They've changed the program," I explained. "This is the season's greatest word-swallowing contest. The idea is to bet on which player chokes to death first."

But my spirit was broken. Hope was dead, and in me hope dies hard. I realized, however, that if the criticism

of a leading newspaper critic could not stop the word-swallowing contest, nothing could, except empty theaters. I realize too that these feeble words of mine are written in the sand. Any producers who happen to read them will grin cheerfully and turn to their nearest consultant, who is frequently an office boy.

"What's eatin' her, Jimmy?" they may inquire.

"Deef, pro'bly," Jimmy will say. And another serious dramatic conference will be over.

I have said again and again that the best acting on our present American stage is equal to the best acting on any stage in the world. I repeat this. But I sometimes amuse myself by picturing what must happen when one of our American producers takes an American company and a successful play to London to mutter and mouth and gargle and swallow its lines as they do here. English audiences are neither so patient nor so courteous as our audiences at home. So I fancy that the first rehearsal abroad is interrupted in the first five minutes by a sharp yelp of protest from the British stage representatives, and by an equally sharp improvement in the stage diction. Does this convey a lesson to the members of that company? It does not. It means to them that the London theaters are bigger and the audiences fussier about trifles than our own, and that a hearty meal on the text of a new play may be had as soon as the company returns to New York.

It is easy enough to trace the birth and progress of the new method of delivering stage lines. In the memory of almost every theater-goer of today lies the period when the actors in a drama strode down to the foot-lights every time they had some "fat lines" and shot them at the audience like bullets from a machine gun. The youngster in the last row of the top gallery had his ear-drums jarred by them. It eventually occurred to a few hardy pioneers that this was going too far. They began to deliver their lines less violently, even with some semblance of naturalness. The critics were quick to praise the innovation, which was certainly praiseworthy. More and more "naturalness" became the slogan of the players—naturalness in action, naturalness in manner, naturalness in speech. I well remember the reverent awe created by the easy slouch of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in his days in the spoken drama, when he entered a drawing room exactly as the youth of the day would do it and not at all as the youths of the stage had been doing it. They were all upright, manly lads, with swelling chests, noble expressions, and a stiff knee action. Mr. Fairbanks was acclaimed, and rightly; for his deliverance of his lines was as good as his acting. "Naturalness" became the stage slogan. Then, stimulated by a growing passion for it, the players apparently began to imagine that they really were in small drawing rooms and not on the stages of big theaters. They began to mutter, to murmur, to mumble—and the Great Silence of the American Drama was on. It is still on. It will continue to be on until the American public says to the American producer: "I will remain away from any plays of yours that cannot be heard anywhere in the orchestra or balcony by a person of normal hearing. You have no right to charge me for plays I cannot enjoy because of the inability or unwillingness

of the members of your company to speak distinctly, and to pitch their voices properly."

That attitude in the public's past, and that alone, will bring about reform—a reform which is as greatly needed now as reform was needed in the days of stage shouting. To inject this truth into the minds of players will be hard. They are obsessed by the delusion that they are ladies and gentlemen in a private home, carrying on their chats in the low and ree-fined voices supposedly found in our best circles (yet so often looked for there in vain).

It is time to explain that in all this summing up of guilt in the matter of today's stage diction I cheerfully except the members of musical comedy companies, and companies playing in melodrama. In both these stage attractions diction is still clear—some times too clear. In both these fields of art there is still the old tendency toward over-emphasis of lines. The offenders I am attacking are the companies in the so-called "society" or "straight" drama—those dramas in which the players are determined to be exactly like similar characters in real life, if they choke for it.

It remains only to meet the sad duty of setting forth a brief list of the arch offenders in this field.

First I must put practically the entire company of "Another Language," with the exception of Glenn Anders and of the always admirable Margaret Wycherly. Next, I place Mr. Paul Muni and his company in "Counsellor-at-Law." They were reasonably audible at the beginning of the long season, and almost wholly inaudible toward the close of the season. I have not heard Mr. Otto Kruger, who is now playing the leading role, but as he has one of the clearest dictions on our stage I hope he has brought about a reform in the company, all of whose members were slavishly following the example of their inaudible star, with the single exception of the Irish politician. His Irish brogue was rich and clear and hearty.

Next on the long role of word-swallowers I must place the name of our popular George M. Cohan—a fine actor if there ever was one, but increasingly inaudible as the seasons pass. In this, Mr. Cohan is unjust to himself and his audiences, both as actor and playwright. He appears in his own plays and the lines in those plays always deserve clear delivery; yet I have sat in the third or fourth row of the orchestra and missed sentence after sentence as he masticated them.

The delivery of the companies of the Theater Guild is fair, with one or two striking exceptions. It will take me a long time to get over the scene in "The Moon and the Yellow River" in which Claude Rains spent five minutes blowing into his daughter's back hair in a monologue that couldn't even have reached her ears. A few weeks later, in Shaw's "Too True to Be Good," Mr. Rains proved that he could deliver a stirring monologue without swallowing a single word. I have a delightful memory of the crystal-like clearness of Miss Beatrice Lillie's diction, in every part I've seen her in. And one could ask nothing better than Ethel Barrymore's lovely though throaty enunciation, or that of Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt.

Pauline Lord's diction leaves more to be desired than

any other woman star I can recall. She swallows fully two-thirds of her words. Henry Hull always speaks as if he had something large and very hot in his mouth. Otis Skinner's diction is among the best and clearest on our stage. So is that of George Arliss. Eva Le Gallienne reads her lines audibly and she has persuaded many of the ladies and gentlemen of her Civic Repertory Company that audiences come to the theater primarily to hear plays. Alice Brady's diction is admirably clear, though never elegant. Nazimova is especially hard to understand because of her Russian accent, but she pitches her voice well. Grace George's diction is about seventy-five per cent good, on a scale of one hundred. On the same scale I would give Jane Cowl eighty, Charlotte Granville and Ernest Cossart eighty, Alexander Woolcott eighty-five, Philip Merivale seventy-five, Laura Hope Crewe ninety, Arthur Byron ninety, Basil Rathbone a minus fifty (in "The Devil Passes"), Leslie Howard seventy-five. The diction of Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney is much better than their acting—an unusual condition. Charles Richman deserves eighty, and I give Miss Katherine Cornell a minus eighty. She can be perfectly clear if she cares to be, but like most of her associates she has a passion for addressing her words to the wings or down stage. Fay Bainter is almost as hard to follow as Pauline Lord. It would be interesting to have a contest between them. Helen Hayes and Ruth Gordon deserve a minus eighty. Henry Stevenson is another actor who, like Henry Hull, incessantly rolls a hot potato in his mouth. James Rennie deserves about eighty at his best, but his delivery varies greatly, according to his roles. Frank Craven is always audible to most of those in the orchestra, though his admirers in the galleries must miss a lot. Hope Williams deserves about sixty in her society plays. She was much better in the Shaw play, perhaps because of the example of Miss Lillie's clear and faultless English. The general rank and file on our stage deserves no more than fifty. They are busily imitating Miss Lord and Mr. Cohan and Mr. Muni and Mr. Rains and the other offenders. They are being "natural." May Heaven save the mark and jolt American audiences into a speedy revolt!

REVIEWS

Damien of Molokai. By IRENE CAUDWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

He was born in 1840 and died in 1889. Fiery, ambitious for God, with that abandonment that characterized Paul and Francis Xavier and Jogues and all the great missionaries of Christ, with faults that rose out of his virtues, Father Damien was one of the great heroes of his century. In her telling of this story of a man who went down into the dungeons of human misery, Miss Caudwell breathes reverence and admiration. She believes in Father Damien, though one suspects she is not of his Church. She believes in his apostolate. She is tender towards him, though she is fair in her evaluations of him. Her biography is that of a woman, though happily there is an absence of that femininity which would be out of place in the narrative of a man like Father Damien. After the story is done, Miss Caudwell appends a chapter that is illuminating, on "Leprosy through the Centuries." And then, by way of an appendix, she adds the document that must always be associated with Father Damien, the masterpiece written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Damien was fortunate in such a champion, and he fares well in this latest biography. F. X. T.

Normal Youth and Its Everyday Problems. By DOUGLAS A. THOM, M.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Like the authors of other recent books on psychiatry, Dr. Thom mixes too much chaff with his wheat for Catholic consumption. He has many helpful ideas about adolescents and the solution of their everyday problems; his chapter on "Education," as far as it goes, is well worth studying, but in the author's attempt to solve adolescent problems along psychiatric lines, the "old idea" that youth may be responsible to God for violations of His Commandments commands scant attention. The fact of sin is drowned in a multitude of pleasant-sounding syllables. A fair illustration of how this psychiatric analysis school expresses itself is given by the doctor himself, when he describes a "dumbbell" as a boy who "had the type of mental equipment not well adapted to scholastic endeavors." The Catholic objections to this book are many. For instance, Dr. Thom blinds his eyes to religion's importance in adolescent problems, or if he does glimpse it, it is through a glass darkly, and he relegates it to a minor place in his scheme of analysis. Again, the author gives his readers the impression that he regards certain practices that a youth may commit—practices which any Catholic believes to be grave violations of the Sixth Commandment—"as being normal reactions to particular environmental situations rather than serious problems." The author and his ilk fall into the popular error that what is "modern" is necessarily "best," and they condone too many human acts which a Catholic is taught to condemn. "Modern Youth" is just another book unsuited to the shelves of a Catholic library. N. B.

Holy Prayers in a Horse's Ear. By KATHLEEN TAMAGAWA. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. \$3.00.

When you read the title of this book you know you are going to get something different. The same may be said of the author's name. Incongruities and near-contradictions are to be expected in this book. They are found. Most of them are pleasing. Many of them are amusing. A few are tragic. They are all portrayed with a Celtic sense of humor and a Japanese instinct for significant detail that might be expected of their Eurasian author, born and "raised" in Chicago, educated by French nuns (later on victims of the 1923 catastrophe), married in the Japanese mountains to an American consular official who went to live in Washington but moved later to New York. The best features of the book, whether the reader be personally acquainted with Japan or not, are the description of life on the Yokohama Bluff and the narratives of the Great Earthquake. Interesting throughout are the reactions of Nordic narrowness to Japanese conservatism. The last two chapters are in poor taste due to personal revelations that lack permanent or general interest.

M. McN.

The Geography of the Mediterranean Region. By ELLEN CHURCHILL SEMPLE, M.A., LL.D. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$4.00.

"Geography of the Mediterranean Region," a volume of 700 pages, by Ellen Churchill Semple, M.A., LL.D., is a title which might lead the casual reader to regard it timidly as appealing only to the scientist or professional geographer. A perusal of its pages will afford him a pleasing surprise. While it is replete with such an accumulation of valuable information as can be explained only by the author's statement that it is the outcome of a research extending over a period of twenty years, the manner and language in which her findings are presented make of it a volume to be welcomed equally by the student at work in his library and the general reader at leisure in his armchair. Its pages bristle with erudite references that point to the author's remarkable acquaintance with authorities ancient and modern. The statement in Chapter I that "Christian dogma underwent modifications" when it entered the field of the Roman Mediterranean, is regrettable as being misleading. Its "rituals and festivals" underwent change, but its teachings, which were to be taught to "all nations," could not "undergo modifications" without becoming un-Christian.

R. P. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Literary Criticism.—It would be hard to imagine a more attractive approach to medieval English literature than the one offered by Prof. Charles Sears Baldwin in his newest handbook, "Three Medieval Centuries of Literature in England, 1100-1400" (Macmillan. \$1.75). From Beowulf to Chaucer may sound like a barren survey to the uninitiated student but it ceases to be so under the guidance of a text which like this places the emphasis on literary criticism rather than on linguistic study, embodies enticing illustrative excerpts from ballad, romance, lyric, and the other forms developed during this important period, and offers just enough bibliographical information to whet the curiosity of the beginner by opening up to him the most fruitful trails of modern scholarship. Professor Baldwin's sympathetic understanding of monasticism, of Catholic symbolism, and other essential features of the Middle Ages, is in happy contrast to the attitude of some of his fellow-workers in the same field. An appendix on Middle English grammar makes the book a complete and needed introduction to popular study of Chaucer.

William H. Fineshriber, Jr., in "Stendhal, The Romantic Rationalist" (Princeton University Press. \$1.50), writes a clear, orderly, and masterly essay. His analytical exposition of the subject leaves nothing to be desired. And he was rightly honored by his university accepting his work as a prize essay. The author shows the antagonism between the two sides of Stendhal, and because Stendhal never solved the issue of his life—the search for felicity and peace—his life was a failure, but his works became masterpieces. Whereas Mr. Fineshriber has pointed out the cause of Stendhal's unhappiness as his antagonism to orderly society, it would be truer to say that his antagonism to the Church and the supernatural order was his real undoing. Stendhal, the atheist, had absolutely no purpose to his life. And so Mr. Fineshriber's objections to Romanticism should have gone to a deeper basis. He could rightly have objected against the complete individualist, or in other words the practical atheist.

No blinding spirit of idolatry vitiates the "Notes on the Testament of Beauty" (Oxford University Press. \$2.00). Though the author, Nowell Charles Smith, was an admirer of Bridges, he is not at all convinced that the evolutionary philosophy of this modern Lucretius will guarantee him a niche among the immortals. Neither is he bent on proving his poet philosopher consistent in every detail of his great work. As a result his modest notes succeed in clearing up more than one obscure passage, while his introduction, though all too brief, furnishes a sketch of the late laureate's life, a summary of his philosophy, and a superficial but suggestive discussion of the Bridges prosody.

Science.—In "The Biography of Mother Earth" (McBride. \$5.00), Henry Smith Williams presents a combination theory of the Antarctic origin of the continents, along with that of the struggle for geoid-spheroid balance. The author is committed to Evolution, though this is not essential to his dual theory as far as geology is concerned.

Nor will the reader fare much better in the phantasy of Eugen Georg's "The Adventure of Mankind" (Dutton. \$5.00). It may be satisfactory for those who can conceive that long in the past "an atoll of strange will [man] ascends from the shoreless ocean of this demiurgic domain," and that now "the eternal rhythm has passed into equilibrium: the omnipotent Demiurge made relative-absolute, transitory-timeless, imperfect-perfect." For most of us, however, such talk bespeaks Bedlam.

"The Universe Unfolding" (Williams and Wilkins. \$1.00), by Robert H. Baker, covers the field of astronomy for the series entitled "A Century of Progress." Beginning with Homer and the early Greeks, the author describes in an interesting way the methods by which man gradually extended his knowledge of the celestial bodies, and the reader can readily share the author's admiration for the vastness of the universe and the resourcefulness of the human minds that have investigated it. Though the demands of purely secular publicity may have excluded the religious note, it is a striking commentary on modern devolution that this

admiration is exhausted before it reaches the heights attained centuries ago in the Psalmist's exclamation, "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands."

Varia.—"This Giving in Marriage" (Dial Press. \$2.00), by Grace Stair, considers in a sophisticated and nonchalant manner the viewpoint of the "elite" of society on the all-important (socially speaking) question of marriage. This viewpoint, which is essentially one of disrespect, is the direct result of the fast tempo of modern life, too much leisure time, and excessive wealth. The Reno divorce mill and the special "distinction" which it confers upon its habitués, seems to be the culminating event in the marriages of many of our socially prominent people. The reasons for the annual exodus to Nevada are not far to seek. They are eating at the roots of our present-day civilization.

Charles J. Finger can both experience and convey some of the most intimate pleasures of travel. In "Foot-Loose in the West" (Morrow. \$2.50) he describes an expedition made by himself, his daughter and his son, through various States of the Far West. Written in a virile, unaffected manner that is appropriate to the theme, the book adds emphasis to the fact that our country, with its majestic mountain ranges and immense forests and plains, can be as delightful as any of the foreign countries, to that type of traveler who loves nature and the great outdoors.

"The Snatch Racket" (Vanguard Press. \$2.00) is another strong book by Edward Dean Sullivan, author of "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime." It deals with the most sinister type of lawlessness—kidnaping. One reads the gruesome story and literally shudders. To learn that within three years there have been 2,500 cases of kidnaping reported and many times that total of unreported cases is disconcerting enough, but it is most alarming to read the detailed account, in case after case, of the successful activity, not of the law, but of the underworld itself in solving the case. Society is, indeed, in a bad way, when it must appeal to criminals to catch criminals. Yet even with their aid only a few cases were solved.

Historical.—World calamities are a perennial source of interest. "The Black Death and Men of Learning" (Columbia University Press. \$3.00), by Anna M. Campbell (for the History of Science Society), is a scholarly examination into the effects of the plague of 1348-1350 on the learned men of Europe, particularly on the medical profession, clergy, and lawyers. The bibliography is long and comprehensive, but the results of the study are rather meager. The first part of the book, however, which briefs the contents of the various tracts dealing with the plague, is valuable for students of the history of medicine. Both the great mortality among savants and the effect of the disaster on men's minds are considered in the second part.

This present edition of "The Great Pacific War" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50) is a reissue of Mr. Bywater's fictional history of an American-Japanese War, published for the first time in 1925. Mr. Bywater is a well-known English naval expert and his work is worthy not only of the attention of the general reading public but also of naval experts. While not admitting the probability of such a conflict as he imagines, he cannot assure himself that it is an impossibility. The book makes very fascinating reading and leaves one with the fervently expressed hope that his make-believe war may never be a reality. Difficult as it is to arrive at something that rings true in such a study, one must praise the author for his sane and careful realism and the plausibility of the whole story.

Colonel Rodney, in "Edge of the World" (Duffield and Green. \$2.00), describes a mythical voyage of St. Paul to the New World. Starting from Rome to Spain on a Roman bireme, he is carried in a storm with a few Roman soldiers beyond the Empire of the Caesars. He finally lands in Yucatan. The adventures of the shipwrecked men there give the author an opportunity to portray many features of the ancient Mayan civilization. Yet it is not heavy reading, and will do to while away an idle afternoon.

"The Correspondence of Pope Gregory VII" (Columbia University Press. \$3.50) is an interesting collection of some hundred and twenty-five letters, selected, for the most part, from the Vatican Registrum, to endorse and confirm the author's theory of Pope Gregory's program of government. That program, according to Dr. Ephraim Emerton, the author, was centralization of imperial power in the Papacy, and everything that contributed to that end was Justice (*Justitia*), "the will of God," while whatever opposed the dictation of the Church was the outcome of Pride (*Superbia*), "pride, insolence, audacity, the kingdom of Antichrist." Hence interest in this book centers on the Introduction, not in the letters themselves, for they have been chosen to support the theory announced in that Introduction. Due credit is given Father Wilhelm Peitz, S.J., for his scholarly work, as recorded in the "Proceedings of the Vienna Academy," Vol. 165 (1910-1911), and his corrections of certain mistaken notions of Philip Jaffé on the same subject are admitted and used by the author. The letters are translations into English from the original Latin. Their English dress is very becoming.

"Indian Wars of Idaho" (Caxton. \$2.50), by R. Ross Arnold, is an interesting little book, bringing to life well-known characters of Northwest history, such as Qualchien, Bigfoot, Chief Joseph, Gen. George Wright, Gen. John Gibbon, Gen. O. O. Howard, Col. Patrick Conner, and many another. Four of the principal wars are treated, the Coeur d'Alene War, the Nez Percé War, the Bannack War, and the Sheepeater War. The book makes delightful and instructive reading.

"Guests of the Nation" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Frank O'Connor, is a collection of short stories of the Irish Revolution. Though a few of them are sketches of the drabber side of civil life, for the most part they chronicle the manifold forms of death and danger met in guerilla warfare. They tell of death allotted to prisoners shot in retaliation, death meted out to a spy taken dying from a hospital bed; they tell of narrow escapes from capture, and the sickening experiences and fear of hunted men. On the whole it is a gruesome book.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

BEHIND THE DOOR OF DELUSION. "Inmate—Ward 8." \$2.00. Macmillan.
BOOK OF IOWA, THE. *The State of Iowa.*
CATHOLIC CATECHISM, THE. Peter Cardinal Gasparri. \$1.60. Kenedy.
CHORAL MUSIC AND ITS PRACTICE. Noble Cain. \$2.00. Witmark.
CREATIVE WRITING. Mabel L. Robinson and Helen Hull. American Book Company.
EDUCATION IN NEW ZEALAND. A. G. Butchers. 35s. Coulls, Somerville, Wilkie.
FREEMASONRY—THE GREATEST BLUFF OF THE AGE. Geo. E. J. Coldwell, Ltd.
GIOTTO: THE LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS. Edith M. Cowles. \$10.00. Dutton.
HER WEDDING GARMENT. Grace Livingston Hill. 50 cents. Lippincott.
HERO OF THE CAMP. Ralph Henry Barbour. \$2.00. Appleton.
HOUSE ACROSS THE HEDGE, THE. Grace Livingston Hill. 50 cents. Lippincott.
IT REALLY HAPPENED. Princess Catherine Radziwill. \$3.00. Dial.
KOSMOS. Willem de Sitter. \$1.75. Harvard University Press.
LEGACY OF ALEXANDER, THE. Max Cary. \$4.00. Dial.
LONDON OMNIBUS, THE. \$2.50. Doubleday, Doran.
MASS-LITURGY, THE. Dom Fidelis Boeser, O.S.B. \$1.50. Bruce.
MEMORIES OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN OF LETTERS. Grace King. \$4.00. Macmillan.
MIDNIGHT MURDER, THE. Paul Herring. \$2.00. Lippincott.
MISSIONARY MASS BOOK, A. 3d. Magnani.
NEW DEAL, A. Stuart Chase. \$2.50. Macmillan.
NIGHT FLIGHT. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. \$1.75. Century.
NOTHING BUT WOODHOUSE. Edited by Ogden Nash. \$2.39. Doubleday, Doran.
NURSES ON HORSEBACK. Ernest Poole. \$2.50. Macmillan.
POEMS. K. M. Murphy. 5s. Talbot Press.
PRINCESS IN EXILE. A. Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. \$3.50. Viking.
PSYCHOLOGY FOR RELIGIOUS WORKERS. Lindsay Dewar and Cyril E. Hudson. \$2.00. Long and Smith.
RED MORTON, WATERBOY. Alan Drady. \$2.00. Appleton.
ROMANTIC QUEBEC. Blodwen Davies. \$2.50. Dodd, Mead.
SAINT AND MARY KATE, THE. Frank O'Connor. \$2.00. Macmillan.
SAINT PATRICK'S PURGATORY. Compiled by Shane Leslie. 21s. Burns, Oates and Washburne.
SIDELIGHTS. G. K. Chesterton. \$2.50. Dodd, Mead.
SLUMS, LARGE-SCALE HOUSING AND DECENTRALIZATION. Edited by John M. Gies and James Ford. \$1.15. *The President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership.*
STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK, 1932. THE. Edited by M. Epstein. \$5.00. Macmillan.
THOSE CARTWRIGHT TWINS. Phillis Garrard. \$2.00. Appleton.
TRACES ACROSS THE SEA. Alfred F. Loomis. \$2.00. Appleton.
TRIAL OF JEANNE D'ARC, THE. Translated by W. P. Barrett. Gotham House.
WASHINGTON SWINDLE SHEET. William P. Helm. \$2.50. Boni.
WILD CAT RIDGE. Maristhan Chapman. \$2.00. Appleton.
WORLD WE LIVE IN, THE. Louis Weinberg, Zenos E. Scott, and Evelyn T. Holston. 92 cents. Heath.

Bulldog Drummond Returns. Far Trouble. 20 Best Short Stories in Ray Long's 20 Years as an Editor. The Scotland Yard Book of Edgar Wallace.

The first Drummond book in two years is a welcome treat, and H. C. McNeile has produced a good story in "Bulldog Drummond Returns" (Crime Club. \$2.00). Captain Drummond meets a nervous young man under peculiar circumstances, and later finds him murdered in a "haunted" house, with an escaped convict in the room below. Soon after, the ghostly figure of an old woman appears at the top of a flight of stairs, and then apparently vanishes through the wall. The adventure thus auspiciously started introduces Drummond again to Irma Peterson, and to a new group of her associates. They are producing a motion picture, starring the great financier, Sir Edward Greatorex, who has a secret belief that he has the making of a great actor. Though he has his difficulties, Drummond finally succeeds in unearthing their motive, and frustrates their well-laid plan. One rather misses the ingenious hand of Carl Peterson, as his intelligence and daring schemes provided stirring action. However, Drummond books are always interesting, and this is no exception.

"Far Trouble," (Macrae Smith. \$2.00), by T. Bowyer Campbell, is a novel set in modern China. It is the story of a man and a girl, British in origin, who were kidnaped by Chinese bandits and held for ransom which was not forthcoming. The many events which take place before they finally get back to their homes, the realization of their love for each other, and behind all this the mysticism and horror of revolutionary China form the theme of this book. There is no glamor, no romance or beauty in the plot, but rather the happenings are portrayed vividly and starkly. The terror and cruelty of the Chinese religious customs seem almost incredible, and yet Mr. Campbell, having spent five years in China, writes authoritatively. Though his style is cryptic and abrupt, on the whole, "Far Trouble" is interesting and worth reading, and certainly shows strikingly the unrest and lack of government in the most thickly populated country of the world.

"20 Best Short Stories in Ray Long's 20 Years as an Editor" (Long and Smith. \$3.00.) is a collection of stories which in the opinion of the Editor are the best ever submitted to him for approval and publication. Some of them were rejected, some were published in the various periodicals influenced or directed by Ray Long; and the reasons for their acceptance or rejection are given as introductions by the Editor in his foreword prefixed to each story. The stories are all fiction, though most, perhaps all of them, are based on facts, facts often in their origin totally dissociated. These stories are not printed on account of their value as literature, but, so says the Editor, as "the twenty stories I liked best." It is idle to quarrel with a man's personal taste, hence every individual reader is free to agree or not with Mr. Long's private opinion. All the stories are sufficiently entertaining, and the book itself may be rated as a suitable companion at seashore or mountain resort during the daily leisure hour of the summer vacation. The various brief accounts prefacing the stories furnish a good index to the mentality and skill of the twenty different authors. These curt biographies are happily enlightening.

With so many detective-story omnibuses being published, it is only natural that an Edgar Wallace one should be forthcoming. Because of his prolific writings, it is of course impossible to have an omnibus, and so we have "The Scotland Yard Book of Edgar Wallace," (Crime Club. \$2.00). This volume contains two complete stories, "The Black," concerning the most notorious burglar in England and his long and dangerous effort to right a wrong, and "The Silver Key," in which Surefoot Smith of Scotland Yard unravels the solution to a series of murders which startled London. There are also three sets of short stories, one about Mr. J. G. Reeder of Scotland Yard, another about the Three Just Men, and the last about "The Ringer." In these, as in his other stories, the action is fast and exciting, with a minimum of description. It is interesting to note the publishers' statement in the Foreword that: "Twenty of the vast pages in the British Museum Catalogue are covered by his titles."

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

A Tribute

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an editorial in the issue of AMERICA for July 23, "We Bid For Sympathy," the editor paid a well-earned tribute to the Rev. William I. Lonergan, S.J. The enormous demands on his time and apparently inexhaustible energy by his multiple positions as lecturer, theologian, writer, apologist, and retreat master, were duly recorded, but perhaps just because they were so numerous, one of his activities was forgotten.

Father Lonergan was Spiritual Director of the St. Apollonia Guild of New York, an organization of Catholic dentists. In fact it might be said that Father Lonergan was responsible for the transformation of the ideals of this group into active Catholic Action. He gave unsparingly of his time, energy, advice, and wisdom through the four years he was directly associated with the New York Guild. It is largely due to this unselfishness on his part that today the New York Guild is one of the strongest and best organized of the component members of the International Federation of the Guilds of St. Apollonia.

As individuals and as a Guild, we made a multitude of demands on him, and the response was always most generous and never-failing. We congratulate the University of San Francisco on its good fortune in having Father Lonergan as its President, but we bid for sympathy because we are parted from a dear friend and a wise adviser whom we will always remember as a real leader of men and a real priest of God.

New York.

JOSEPH J. STAHL, D.D.S.,
President, St. Apollonia Guild.

Wage Cutting

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Have read with great pleasure "Municipal Wage Cutting," by Paul L. Blakely, S.J., which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for August 6. His exposition of wage cutting by municipal administrations should be extended to expose the present mania of wage cutting by railroads, large industries, etc.

Jersey City.

JOHN J. BRANDS.

Nuns and Printers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of the *Ave Maria* for August 13, the editor asks the prayers of his readers for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Susanna of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who died the week before. Sister Susanna, he says, had labored in the composing room of the *Ave Maria* for more than fifty years, and, in the days before linotype machines did away with hand-set composition, was a most efficient member of "the chapel." She had a keen typographical eye as a proof-reader, a most desirable accomplishment in all offices. It is not generally known what a large part nuns played in the earliest days of the art of printing or how much of the treasures of incunabula is due to their work. In the pioneer era, 1476-1484, there was a Community of twenty-five Dominican nuns in Florence who worked seven presses and turn out some of the books that are now so eagerly sought by collectors and libraries. At Fribourg today there is a Community of Dominican Tertiaries who have an elaborate plant devoted to the production of devotional and didactic literature on a very notable scale and artistic mechanical detail. An article on the "Dominican Incunabula in the Library of Congress," by the Rev. Charles M. Daley, O.P., for Volume XXII of "Records and Studies," will give much interesting information about the pioneer nun printers.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.